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JOHN BULL

Vol. X. No. 249. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1911. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page III. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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FURNITURE and ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS,
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Just removed from the following addresses and elsewhere:—
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St. Winifred's Crescent, Muswell Hill;

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Restores gloss and brilliancy—stops hair falling—nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff—positively makes the hair grow—is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.
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Please send me a Free Bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage.
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ADDRESS .....
"JOHN BULL," March 11, 1911.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. X. No. 249. Saturday, March 11th, 1911. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All applications for advertising spaces to be made to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., Advertising Dept., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening at 8.15, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production of a WALTZ DREAM. New Libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by OSCAR STRAUS. Matinée Every Saturday at 2.15. Tel. 201 Gerrard.

The John Bull League.

HULL AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

GRAND SMOKING CONCERT (in aid of local charities)
GROSVENOR HOTEL, CARR LANE, HULL.
TO-NIGHT (THURSDAY, MARCH 9th), at 8 p.m.

Tickets (price 3d.) may be obtained from the Hon. Local Secretary, Mr. W. E Petty, of 96, Woodcock Street, Newington, Hull.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BRANCH.

A PUBLIC MEETING
WILL BE HELD IN THE
PUBLIC HALL, CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH, 22nd, at 8 p.m.
Chairman.—COUNCILLOR H. ROSS CLYNE.

Various important matters of local interest will be dealt with, including:—
The utilisation of the old Infirmary site.
The necessity for a Second Stipendiary Magistrate.
The extension of hours of workmen's cars.

Doors open at 7.30. Admission Free.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

THE "REVOLUTION."

The revolution has—again—begun! The Parliament Bill has been read a second time. Of course it now has to go through the Committee and Report stages, and to be read a third time. Still, the revolution has—again—begun. True, also, it has to go to the Lords, who will incontinently reject it, or hang it up pending the decision of the Commons on the reform of the constitution of the Upper House. Nevertheless, the revolution has—again—begun.

Why do we say "again" begun? Because, according to the Party press, it began when the Lords rejected the Budget, and then collapsed—owing to the intervention of the Christmas holidays! It broke out again after the first 1910 Election, and then collapsed, pending the deliberations of the Conference—and now it has, for a third time. "begun." Will it for a third time, collapse?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN.

Let us look into the early future. About Easter time the Lords will have received the Parliament Bill, and the Commons will have received the Lords' Reform Bill. What then? We reiterate the view we expressed in the House; if the Commons demand respectful consideration, by the Peers, of the Parliament Bill, they are bound to extend a similar courtesy to the Bill of the Peers. If they do not agree with it, *they must amend it.* To reject it would be to give the lie to the preamble of their own measure, whilst to amend it would be to open the door to that settlement by agreement, which is the only statesmanlike policy. Then would come a Joint Committee to consider the consolidation of the two Bills, an adjournment over the Coronation, and, once more, the collapse—and the final collapse—of the "revolution."

AN UNWORKABLE SCHEME.

The scheme of the present Bill is utterly unworkable. To play football with a measure for nearly three years is to kill it. As we said in the debate, a Bill, like an egg, does not improve by keeping. We predict that long before anything really happens under the Parliament Act—assuming it ever gets on the Statute-book—the Government will recognise its mistake and set about the constitution of a real Second Chamber—a revising Senate. That, and that only, is the solution of the difficulty.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Meanwhile, the Man in the Street goes quietly on with his work. He knows that everything will come all right. He knows that this row is merely an incident in the death struggle of the Party System. He knows that the men who in the House of Commons shout "Traitor!" and "Fraud!" across the floor, dine and drink and smoke together after the debate. In his heart, he rather likes the House of Lords, and rather distrusts the House of Commons. And he is already thinking of "giving the other side a chance" at the next Election. *That*, indeed, will settle the matter in the end. Such is life—and such is Politics!

THE LEAGUE.

We have just concluded another tour (in Yorkshire and Scotland) and are amazed at the extent to which the principles of the John Bull League are catching on. No hall, however large, can provide room enough for the crowds which come to hear us, and politicians of the Party school look on in wonderment. They will see much more that will astonish them before the next General Election comes round.

No Guarantees.

Mr. Asquith has not secured any guarantee from the King for the creation of a sufficient number of New Peers to force the passage of the Parliament Bill through the House of Lords.

Captain Jay's Farthing.

By awarding him one farthing damages in his libel action against u the jury in the King's Bench seem to have taken an accurate measure of Captain Jay's gallant enterprise. One farthing is the smallest possible coin. Being an impudent action, they dealt with it in a contemptuous way.

The Dartmoor Shepherd.

Certain Parliamentary gentlemen are rather overdoing the Dartmoor Shepherd. He has now entered into the category of the stale joke; and, even as a diversion to the political situation, it is about time the humorists realised that he is played out. All said, it is better that a Home Secretary should be disappointed in an effort to realise the humanities in his department, than that he should be gratified by success in realising the barbarities. It does not follow that the Gentle Shepherd has vanished into the great unknown because his name and address are not on the postal list.

Tibet Revelation.

We notice a somewhat remarkable statement made by Sir Francis Younghusband at Cambridge. He told his audience that after his Tibet expedition he obtained a concession of a mountain post giving complete command of the road to India, "but the British Cabinet, not seeing its geographical significance, gave it up." Had it any geographical significance in fact? It would be of advantage to let a little light into this darkness.

Blessed Are the Poor!

"Latest Wills":—

Rev. Burleton Jones-Bateman, M.A., of the Rectory, Sheldon, Warwick, £93,916.

Another Case of Heredity.

Recently the Guardians of Lancaster advertised for applications for the post of Registrar of Births and Deaths. There were fifty applicants. One of the fifty was Mr. Buckham, Jun. He got the job, his father having had it before him. Nothing like keeping things in the family!

Real Agony.

The following advertisement appeared in the "agony" column of the *Daily Mail* a few days ago:—

> Aida.—My beautiful darling, love you, my dearest one, so passionately, so tenderly, and with the greatest and deepest heartfelt love and adoration. Longing for you, my beautiful sweetheart, so much, and want you with me, dearest, for always. Hardly know how to wait, my darling, for the time to come when I shall see my own darling sweetheart again. Have done as you wished, dearest. All my thoughts are of you, my beautiful darling, and am ever constant and unswerving in my loyalty and devotion to my beloved one, who is so dear and sacred to me. All my fondest love and thousands of kisses, my own sweet, beautiful darling.

We shall be happy to quote rates for future messages.

The Yarmouth Conscience.

Intending visitors to Yarmouth this summer will be interested to know that the magistrates have given permission to certain bands to play on Sundays, but that Sunday concerts are strictly prohibited. The Salvation Army's is one of the bands, of course; and the drum, the brazen instrument, the concertina, and the tambourine will make the sacred music. But no one must dare to sing "The Lost Chord."

Pity the Poor Orphan.

At a missionary demonstration at Bexley Heath, £2 16s. has been raised "for the support of an orphan child in China." Small as is the support, many an orphan child in England could do with it.

German Business Methods.

A correspondent sends us an interesting report of a patent case, recently heard in Germany. A London firm brought an action in the Berlin Patent Court for the cancellation of a certain patent—and they were non-suited. Here is the illuminating reason given by the judge for his decision: "As it cannot be found that there is any public interest in furthering the industrial activity of this country, the plaintiffs are non-suited, without it being necessary to ascertain whether or not the defendant has been at fault." This is Business Government, with a vengeance!

All is Well.

The gross and offensive familiarity with which some holy gospellers drag in the sacred name of Mr. Lloyd George to illustrate their pulpit discourses, must be driving thousands of people into Sunday cinematograph shows, Sunday concerts, and other places unpatronised of the puritans. For instance, preaching at the Bethania Wesleyan Church at Penmachno the other Sunday morning, the Rev. Henry Williams, of Llandudno, declared that "the working men of Great Britain were perfectly safe as long as Jesus Christ was in heaven and Mr. Lloyd George in Parliament." All's well with the working men, it may be, on this hypothesis; but what about those who have had to fill up Form IV.?

Not Playing the Game.

It was not at all playing the game, as it is known in public life, for a member of the Hackney Libraries Committee to write to Mr. Andrew Carnegie making backstair criticisms of the proposal to start three branch libraries in the borough, and having done so, to sneak behind the hedge of anonymity by asking Mr. Carnegie not to mention his name. Mr. Hasemer, the leader of the Progressives on the Borough Council, had every justification for protesting against these underhand methods of obstructing public proposals. Nobody appreciates the motives of a sneak.

Oake, the Father.

In consequence of the vote of the Bermondsey Borough Council, referring back the appointment of his son as third engineer to the Corporation, Mr. J. W. Oake has sent in his resignation as chairman and member of the Electric Lighting Committee. It should have been sent in before his son was put forward. Obviously, if every member of a public body were to make a sort of claim, direct or indirect, by himself or through his friends, that his son should have a job at the ratepayers' expense, our municipal life would presently be as corrupt as that of an American city under the bosses of Tammany.

Judge Willis, His Sentiments.

We note that His Honour Judge Willis, returning to the County Court Bench of Southwark after seven days' indisposition, has acquired new gems of thought for his philosophic beatitudes. "No, no," he said to a youth who applied to him the other day for the release of money paid into Court under the Workmen's Compensation Act, "better is it to have a few months of peace and happiness than years of expectation and disappointment in a fried fish shop." 'Tis true. Life isn't worth living with the fat always in the fire.

L.C.C.'s Coat of Arms.

The General Purposes Committee has a yearning that the London County Council should obtain a grant of a coat of arms at a cost not exceeding £100. It is hereby suggested that the design should be a man collecting rates, on a field of gold. Motto: Pay, Pay, Pay.

A STREET NUISANCE.

Roller-skating in the streets has now reached the dimensions of an unmitigated nuisance, as perhaps Mr. Churchill would be convinced if he had a continual tornado of small boys on wheels sweeping back and forth before his domicile. It is also a danger, as is proved by the fact that an old City woman of 85 was accidentally knocked down and killed by two boys who were skating past her. We have a lot of room in our heart for the small boy, and we wish there was more room in the world for him to skate in; but when it comes to the question whether he should use the pavement to progress on wheels, we hold that he is assembling to create a nuisance and is a "vehicle" within the meaning of the Act.

DR. JOWETT'S SALARY.

Apparently Dr. Jowett, the famous Birmingham preacher, who has accepted a "call" to Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, has greatly surprised Cousin Jonathan by refusing to accept more than the equivalent of the salary he is receiving at Birmingham. An illuminating sidelight on the controversy is the declaration of one of the New York pastors that a clergyman is no better off in New York on £2,400 a year than he is in Birmingham on £1,000. The fact is, his food costs him more, and if he is not teetotal, his drink also. The cost of living generally, says another parson, is twice as much in New York as in England. A similar statement made by British Free Traders has often been denied by British Tariff Reformers; but he knows best who pays. Dr. Jowett will be amazed to learn what he will have to pay when he gets his hair cut.

DESECRATING THE SABBATH.

A very good instance of the mental attitude of the puritanical kill-joy, as we know him, is supplied by the Paisley councillors who succeeded in voting down a recent proposal to let the Clark Halls for a Sunday concert on behalf of the Scottish Musical Artistes' Benevolent Fund, as referred to here last week. It is not always that a programme held to desecrate the Sabbath is available for publication; in this case it is, and we find it includes "Der Freischutz," "The Holy City," Gounod's "Lend me your aid," Sullivan's "Lost Chord," Sir Edward Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," Handel's "So shall the Lute and Harp awake," Nevin's "Rosary," and other compositions of similar elevating and moving character. Advisedly, we say that nobody could sit down to such a programme, not even a Paisley puritan, without being in some measure a better man or a better woman at the end of it. The Town Council may think it is remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy; what it is really doing is remembering the Scottish Sunday to make it horrible.

WHAT OFFERS?

An advertisement in one of the motor-car papers has this under "Drivers Disengaged": "Young Man, 24, seeks first situation as motor driver, 4½ years at present situation as carver and waiter." Verily, the times are out of joint.

A CROWHURST RECORD.

According to the *Crowhurst Parish Magazine*, edited by the vicar, the Rev. J. P. Bacon Phillips, one of his most respected parishioners has achieved something in the nature of a record. "His sow has presented him with a couple of little pigs, his dog with a couple of little puppies, and his wife with a couple of little babies." It must be comforting to Crowhurst to know that so many are doing so well.

SPORT—AND SPORTSMEN.

By the way, we wonder whether the vicar has been moved to preach a sermon on the recent meet of the Surrey Staghouunds at Crowhurst. The stag took a course across country and then struck the railway line to London. At Upper Warlingham station the poor creature mounted the platform, and sought refuge in the booking hall, sinking to the ground utterly exhausted. Had not the officials closed the doors the pack would probably have been upon it, and worried it to death. The hunting party came up twenty minutes later, and "the stag was eventually conveyed to a stable, and lodged there till it was fit to be removed." How people with any sort of humanity in them can take part in a hunt of this description, and call it "sport," passes our comprehension. It is sport only for dogs and barbarians—that and nothing more—and surely it is long past time that such an abomination should be allowed to degrade and scandalise the British name.

MORE NURSES WANTED.

Mr. Brightman, of the Sheppey Board of Guardians, had ample justification for calling the attention of his colleagues to the condition of things at the workhouse infirmary on one of his recent visits. "In walking round the ward he saw a man dead. There was a boy of 13 lying in the next bed, and two or three beds away a patient was dying." On explanation, it appeared that the one nurse in charge had been called away, and that the man had unexpectedly died in her absence. As we have said in other cases, a hospital ward in which there are sick patients ought to be continually in sight of the nurse in charge. The staff at the infirmary is clearly insufficient. A nurse who is out of a sick ward in a moment of emergency might often be just as well in Jerusalem or Jericho.

A SNUB POLITE.

Colonel Stoddart, chairman of the Rotherham Licensing Bench, refused to listen to a deputation of fussy aquapuritans at the recent Brewster Sessions. "I hope you will not think I am showing you any want of courtesy," was his greeting, "but I cannot listen to you. You are inferring we have not common sense enough to discriminate as to whether we should grant a licence or not. I am here to do my duty according to my judgment, and I shall do it." We are glad Colonel Stoddart has had the courage to squash this sort of thing. It is becoming a pernicious nuisance in Licensing Courts, and, in given circumstances, a menace to justice and public and private interests.

CONFIDENCE INVITED.

We have before us a type-written circular, commencing "Dear Friend," and ending, "Sincerely Yours, Manager, Cheerup Office, 185, Victoria Street, London, S.W." If the recipient is worrying about anyone or anything, he is advised to think of something pleasant, and smile. If he is not successful in vanishing his disharmony single-handed, he is invited to send along half-a-crown to the manager of the Cheerup Office. "I may be able to tell you or do something that will bring more harmony into your life, and possibly into the life of someone who is dear to you." This enterprising financier rather reminds us of the other one who advertised that on receipt of half-a-crown he would send Sound Practical Advice applicable to all times, to all persons, and to all conditions of life. He was as good as his word. By return of post every half-crown donor received the advice: "Never give a boy a penny to hold your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week."

Matches in Mines.

A few weeks ago we commented on two cases in which colliers had been prosecuted for taking matches into the pit. Four other cases of the kind have since occurred at Pontefract. Undoubtedly, matches are taken down into mines in deliberate infraction of the r gulations. In the only coal pit into which we ever descended—it was by a slope instead of a shaft—we caught sight of one man furtively smoking a pipe by the light of a naked candle. There is little doubt that many colliery disasters have been caused by the careless or improper acts, in the workings, of the colliers themselves.

Visions of the Workhouse.

Hearken unto the lamentations in the vicarage of Harpford. "The local rates have risen enormously of late," says the Rev. A. P. Lancefield, the vicar, "and unless I had a small private income and earned, as I do, a little by my pen, I could not possibly hold this 'living' and keep out of the Bankruptcy Court. As our family is limited to two black cats of excellent character, we can just jog along and pay the butcher and the baker." So, though things are as bad as they are, they might be worse than they are, and evidently this is what consoles our rev. friend. Let him fervently thank heaven he lives in Harpford. In London the rates are so high that he would probably have to drown his cats to reduce the milk bill.

Truth and the Policeman.

Certain evidence given in the Cambuslang Justices' Court a few days ago compels us to ask what his superiors intend to say to Policeman Gardiner. The story told by Gardiner was that Joseph Harris, a Bridgeton engineer, was one of three men standing outside an ice cream shop at midnight. He said Harris was under the influence of drink, and was using obscene language. So much for the testimony of the policeman. The rest of the evidence proved that, on being released "on pledge" after the charge was made, Harris went straight to a doctor's to be tested. He there wrote out a long document and signed it, on the doctor's invitation. There was not the slightest suspicion of drunkenness about him, said the doctor; he did not even smell of drink. His two companions, one of them his brother, swore that he was perfectly sober and had been the whole evening in a billiard saloon in which no drink was sold, and that when the three were standing together afterwards, "no obscene language was used in telling the story, unless the word damn was obscene." Harris himself testified that he had not tasted drink the whole of the day. Even the Fiscal who prosecuted, had to admit that the evidence of Dr. Laird, who had proved the man was sober a few minutes after the alleged offence had been committed, "somewhat staggered him." "We find the man not guilty," was the decision of the magistrates in the end. "The case is not proven in any shape or form." Then how, we ask, does it stand against Policeman Gardiner? Did he deliberately invent the details of his charge, or was he honestly mistaken? The case certainly has all the appearance of being an invention; and that being so, we again ask, How stands it with P.C. Gardiner?

Real Contempt.

Here is a characteristic heading taken from a French newspaper the other day: "The Crime of the Captain. He was not a Lover who Killed to Avenge Himself. He was a Vulgar Thief who had come to the End of his Resources." Very likely he was, but when this blunt statement was promulgated, the wretched man had not even been tried. What nice fines for contempt of court that paper would have incurred if the crime and the publication had taken place in England!

A Barnstaple Sentence.

Among the Barnstaple county magistrates is Mr. W. P. Hiern. To Mr. Hiern's seat of judgment a few days since a policeman brought Lewis Emmett, "until recently the licensed holder of the Royal Exchange, Barnstaple." Emmett had been unfortunate in business, had suffered ill-health, had got down on his uppers; and at last the policeman had caught him "lying in one of the porches of Braunton Parish Church at 11.30 p.m. without visible means of subsistence." To this awful charge Emmett pleaded guilty, with explanations as aforementioned, and though he had never been in trouble with the police on any previous occasion, Mr. Hiern said "there was nothing for it but to commit him to Exeter gaol for seven days." This is a world of ups and downs; and if ever Mr. Hiern should be caught sleeping in a church porch without visible means of subsistence, we hope the magistrate will—let him off.

The Value of Advertisement.

One of our advertisers sends us a letter just received by him from Seccondee—displaying a wonderful knowledge of the English language. Here it is:—

> Having reading John Bull's newspaper found your name, togethcr with your address, stating you are a wonderful portable typewriter in your City of London. I should like to send me one of it as a samples, together with your pricelist, if it will be convenience. I will recommending you to all my friends in the State, to deal with you in your department. Those are learning typist. Hope you will do to my satisfaction as well as you. I would have spoken with you personally whilst it is further, therefore, this is my message to put before you to consult to you. I obliged that you will send yours same. Am expecting your favourite reply per returning mails.

That Seccondee gentleman must now study English methods of business—which require the formality of a cash remittance before typewriters are despatched.

"Cheap Consols."

With reference to our recent suggestion that Consols should be kept at a uniform par price by the Government, the following is a specimen of many letters which reach us:—

> In the years 1902-04 and '05, I bought, including commission, for £75 7s. I sold the same in 1910 for £67 19s. 7d., showing a loss of £7 7s. 5d. of my hard-earned savings deposited under the *security of an English Government*. Is this fair? It came hard on me, especially as through their Licensing legislation my savings, amounting to £300, were nearly all swamped. Now, John Bull, is this cricket? Perhaps a Business Government would do different?

Under a Business Government, Consols would carry interest at 3 per cent., and would always be at par.

"All Through the Night."

We have before us a little volume of "Approved Songs" (sanctioned by the Board of Education) for use in schools. Here is one of them:—

O my love, how sad and gloomy,
All through the night,
Seem the hours when thou art from me,
All through the night;
If my Harry could but hear me,
He would soon return to cheer me,
And remain for ever near me
All through the night.

Sweetly thus beside the fountain;
All through the night,
Sung the maid of Mona Mountain
All through the night.
When the youth, from wars returning,
In whose breast true love was burning,
Came and changed to joy her mourning
All through the night.

We raise our hat to Harry.

SCOTCH LOGIC.

We have always understood that logic is one of the chief characteristics of the Scotch mind; but there is evidently a sub-editor—perhaps he is an Englishman!—on the staff of the Edinburgh *Evening News*, whose reasoning faculties are out of order. Commenting on our plea for a Business Government, he says it is "the sort of thing that appeals to young men with a very elementary idea of politics," and that the Party system "tests arguments and tests men." But, in a parallel column, we read about the "dry rot" of the Tory party, "which has paralysed its activities." Young men, kindly note.

THE FUNNY FRENCH.

The funny thing about French politics is that the Briand cabinet resigned because it had a small majority; it is now succeeded by representatives of the minority. Socialists constantly figure in ministries, but France is no nearer Socialism than we are. The new Foreign Secretary admits that he knows nothing whatever about foreign affairs; and Delcassé, who is a really clever, if dangerous, diplomatist, goes to the Admiralty! We scarcely do things more absurdly even over here. Oh, for a Business *French* Government!

A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.

The Baker and Confectioner has a subtle mind. It takes us to task for saying that "the law requires bread to be of a certain weight," and tells us that "all the law demands is that bread shall be sold by weight." We are hard at work thinking it out. Always willing to learn.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

A certain lady was in the habit of always bowing her head in church at the mention of the name of his Satanic Majesty, and being asked for an explanation, replied: "Politeness costs nothing—and you never can tell."

"JOHN BULL'S" BOOKSHELF.

THE BRITISH INFANT—RY
COME ALONG WITH ME. WHY YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WE WANT FOR THE ARMY
CHILDREN'S POLICE COURT
THE ARMY RECRUITS WANTED
W.A. Cross.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 22," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with a hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do.

For announcing: "OBITUARY NOTICES.—*We* HOPE *to insert announcements of the passing away of Members of the U.K.R.T.U. (no charge),*"
ON THE LINE ("The Journal of the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union")
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing a photograph—apparently of a group of civic officials, with their wives—under the heading, "A Grimsby Blaze," followed by the statement, "The above photograph depicts THE HAVOC *wrought by the fire which gutted the sawmills of Messrs. Marshall, Knott, and Barker, Ltd.,"*
THE DAILY NEWS (Grimsby)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The Manchester County Coroner yesterday had before him a case which he said bore out the remarks made concerning ILLEGAL OPERATIONS BY MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM *at the Assizes,"*
THE DAILY DISPATCH (Manchester)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For referring, in its Football Notes, to 1894 as "the year in which we won the TRIPE *crown,"*
THE SATURDAY HERALD (Dublin)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For placing the heading, "A Crusader's Armour," to its account of the recent action by the Earl of Chesterfield against a dealer in respect of SIXTEENTH CENTURY *armour,*
THE DAILY EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in the course of its report of Lord Robert Cecil's speech in the Kemp-Welch divorce suit: "The mere fact that his (the co-respondent's) visits were allowed by the husband showed that the petitioner had absolute confidence that there was no HAREM,"
THE SOUTH WALES ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its market report: "Eggs were in great demand, and a good supply was sold readily from 6½d. to 7d. PER LB. ALIVE,"
THE WESTERN MAIL (Cardiff)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Mr. Henry Simpson, who was born in 1819, has just been POISONED *by a Liverpool newspaper,"*
THE TOTNES TIMES AND DEVON NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating of a certain gentleman: "It is safe to say that BETWEEN *September and October last he did not eat six good meals,"*
THE LIVERPOOL DAILY POST AND MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For remarking of a prisoner that he, "like all the other witnesses, was sworn to tell ANYTHING BUT *the truth,"*
THE BEDFORDSHIRE TIMES & INDEPENDENT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

LAW GUARANTEE SOCIETY.

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM OPPOSES PUBLIC ENQUIRY AND THROWS OVER MR. JUSTICE SWINFEN EADY.

Below we publish a most interesting correspondence between a shareholder in the Law Guarantee Society and Sir William Grantham, from which it will be seen that this eccentric Judge is strongly opposed to a public enquiry into the affairs of the Society, that he still champions the Directors, and, above all, attacks his brother Judge, Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady, for whose decision in regard to the call upon the shares he says "there was no justification." We do not know whether, in view of this latest outburst, the Prime Minister will reconsider his decision to allow Sir William to remain upon the Bench.

January 5th, 1911.

Referring to our previous correspondence, I beg to direct your attention to the significant silence as to the causes of this most lamentable and unnecessary failure.

As you were one of the Trustees whose names were widely published by the Society for the purpose of convincing the shareholders, policy-holders, and the public generally of the high standing of the Society, do you not think that a moral responsibility rests on you and your co-Trustees to come forward and assist the ruined shareholders in their efforts to obtain a public investigation into the causes of the failure? The shareholders have lost £2,250,000, and surely in the names of justice and truth they are entitled to know why and how their capital was lost? The Law Guarantee is a much worse failure than the "Law Car" or "Charing Cross Bank," yet in both these cases a searching examination will be made by the Board of Trade. Surely we are entitled to the same justice, notwithstanding the vote in favour of voluntary winding up, which was mainly brought about by the circular signed by Lord Alverstone and yourself.

Barcombe Place, near Lewes.

January 7th, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Being a loser in the Law Guarantee to the extent of £30,000 you may be sure that I should do everything that could in any way assist the shareholders, but as the causes of the most disastrous failure were fully explained by Mr. Harris in his report to the shareholders some months or a year ago, in my judgment it would be most injurious to the shareholders to have any public enquiry such as you suggest.

Everything should be done to husband the resources of the Society and reduce their contingent liabilities, so that *if we ever* get a revival of prosperity the large quantity of property the Society possesses may become a valuable asset. It is possible, but if a lot of dirt is uselessly thrown at the Directors, who showed great want of judgment, but no one can suggest were criminally negligent, it must depreciate our securities. I was only trustee, with other folk, of property paid up, but not used till the smash came, and we protected it up to the end.

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Grantham.

11th Jan., 1911.

I am favoured with your letter of 7th instant, and regret to learn that you are still of opinion that an enquiry is not desirable.

I would most respectfully point out that, so far as the shareholders are concerned, the worst has happened, and to them it is a *total loss*, without the remotest hope of salvage. I quoted Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady, who, after examining a confidential statement of account prepared by the Liquidators, stated in open Court his conviction that the creditors would not receive more than 16s. 6d. in the pound. I have discussed the matter exhaustively with people who have had inside knowledge, and they express the view that the creditors will not obtain more than 10s. in the pound.

The scandal and cruelty of this failure is of so pronounced a character as to demand, in the interest of all concerned, the closest and most drastic investigation by an authority competent to take evidence on oath, so as to fix the blame and responsibility for the appalling losses incurred.

I feel very strongly that—the figures set out in Mr. Harris's report submitted to the Meeting held in December, 1909, for the purpose of voluntary liquidation, having proved entirely unreliable—compulsory liquidation should now be resorted to. You will remember that Mr. Harris reported a deficit of about £198,000, which could have been covered by a call of one pound per share.

Four months after these accounts were submitted, the whole £5 per share was found to be insufficient, according to Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady, to pay more than 16s. 6d. in the pound. The Judge described the liquidation as a "Creditors' winding-up."

With regard to your remark as to the possible future values of our properties, may I direct your attention to the prices, as given in the Press, being obtained by the Liquidators for the "assets" of the Society?

In conclusion I submit that the speeches alone of Mr. Edward Turner, as chairman of the Board of Directors, afford ample material for investigation. I annex a few extracts:—

> "In Mr. Ronald (the late General Manager) the Society has an asset difficult to overestimate."
>
> "Mr. Ronald is the nearest approach to the indispensable man that I have, at all events, met with."

Mr. Turner assured the shareholders that the Debenture business was good. Debenture and mortgage business brought the Society to ruin.

In *March*, 1909 (the general meeting), Mr. Turner stated there would not be a call and there had never been any intention of making a call. At the same meeting he assured the proprietors there was no fear as to the future of the Society, as it had many years of prosperity before it. Let us now glance at the facts:—

(*a*) In May, 1909, two months after the meeting at which the assurance was given that no call would be made, £4 per share was called up, equal to a fresh capital of £800,000.

(*b*) Seven months afterwards the Society goes into liquidation.

(*c*) Voluntary liquidation obtained on figures showing a loss of £198,000.

(*d*) April, 1910. The whole reserve liability of £5 per share called up, amounting in the aggregate to *One Million Sterling*, which is utterly inadequate to pay 20s. in the pound.

The Law Guarantee is an object-lesson in all that is undesirable in Company management, and loudly calls for public scrutiny, and until that is done it will remain a blot on our commercial morality.

100, Eaton Square, S.W.,

January 13th, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I am afraid it is useless continuing the correspondence as to the Law Guarantee, but as you not unnaturally rely on what was said by Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady, I must add that I did not and do not agree with his view at all. I think there was no justification for the view he took or the call he ordered to be made.

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Grantham.

It would be interesting to know how Mr. Justice Grantham has persuaded himself that there was "no justification" for calling up unpaid capital when the whole of it was sufficient to pay only about four-fifths of the deficit—and what information he has that enables him to say that "it would be most injurious to the shareholders to have any public inquiry."

TIBERIUS

CRUSHING THE HONEST POOR.

A Mr. White lives at No. 4, Elthorne Mansions, N. He calls himself "A Student of History and Research." 'Tis a sorry history that has reached our ears, and our researches show much indignation against him in Upper Holloway. Apparently, Mr. White has sufficient of this world's goods; why, then, should he attempt to hinder the honest, hard-working poor in their endeavour to earn their daily bread? Why has he, within four years, summoned over thirty people? He has been known to go up to a poor woman who was trying to sell a few oranges and lemons and order her to "move on." He has even extended his overbearing tyranny to the tradespeople who possess the right to exhibit their goods outside their shops. Woe betide the tradesman who dares speak in tone much above a whisper!

The other day this person sauntered out from Elthorne Mansions, presumably to post a letter. As fate would have it, a poor old man was playing a dilapidated and very quiet street organ. He was at quite a distance from the residence of Tiberius, but he was committing the unpardonable sin of breathing the same atmosphere! Tiberius posted the letter, and then walked out of his way to where stood the old man, and, assuming an all Scotland Yard air, tapped him on the shoulder, and, in a peremptory tone desired him to move on.

It is quite a common thing for this oppressor of the poor to single out some costermonger, probably at a distance of a hundred or more yards from Elthorne Mansions, and order him to cease calling his goods, at the same time threatening to give him in charge should he ignore the threat. This up-to-date Tiberius will go to the nearest policeman on point duty, return with him and command the constable to take down the coster's name and address. On January the 26th, no fewer than three persons were summoned at the North London Police Court, the complainant in each case being this Mr. White, of Elthorne Mansions. The first of these victims was William Kennedy, of Ebury Street, Upper Holloway, a very poor, but hard-working man. For calling fruit and vegetables he was fined 20s. and 2s. 6d. costs, or seven days'; the second and poorest of the three was William Dean, also honest and hard-working—he was fined 40s. and 2s. costs, or 14 days'; the third, a butcher's assistant—fined 8s. and 2s. costs, or 5 days', for selling meat and advertising same in a tone above a whisper! For the two first-mentioned men a subscription was soon raised and the fines paid, but Holloway is asking how long is this tyranny to last? Now, strange to say, this Mr. White has given the Salvation Army full permission to play outside his residence! He is running Mr. Bowden Green close.

"AN APPARENTLY UNDUE PREFERENCE."

WAR OFFICE CLERKS NOW TO PAY FOR WITNESSING CORONATION PROCESSION.

Our readers will doubtless remember our comments upon the apparently undue preference enjoyed by those occupying premises in Parliament Street—which is, of course, full of Public Offices—owing to the fact that the Coronation procession is to pass along that thoroughfare no less than three times, despite petitions from many large ratepayers owning premises upon other main arteries of traffic, equally available, but which have been omitted from the route.

We also commented upon the fact that these excellent positions for viewing the historic pageant would probably, as heretofore, be allotted gratuitously to various well-paid public servants, and threw out the suggestion that, by their letting to the general public, a considerable sum would be obtained, which might be placed towards defraying the general cost of the ceremonies.

We are now informed that the War Office authorities have issued a notice that clerks desiring to view the procession from the offices in Whitehall will have to pay for the privilege. It now remains for the various other Public Offices to follow this excellent example. We are glad to have been the means of effecting this appreciable saving to the ratepayers.

"ALL LAVENDER!"

ROCKHEY'S ROCKY LAW.

A correspondent has sent us a report of a charge at Torquay against a man named George Weston, of hawking without a licence. It appears that Weston was selling lavender, and his defence was that—as with fish, fruit and other perishables—the purveyor did not require a licence. The chairman is reported to have made the astonishing remark that it was "illegal to sell lavender," while the magistrate's clerk stated that anyone calling from house to house should have a licence. "Mr. J. F. Rockhey, the magistrate"—it is not clear whether the chairman is thus referred to—"said prisoner must have got hold of very bad law on the matter." He imposed a fine of a shilling, and as Weston had but ninepence, Mr. Rockhey said he would see that he did not go to prison, as he would himself pay the odd threepence.

Our eye, a few minutes after reading the case referred to above, alighted on the report, in an evening paper, of a decision by Mr. Justice Coleridge—who as a legal light compares not unfavourably with Mr. Rockhey—in the case of another hawker on a charge arising out of peddling lavender without a licence. "His Lordship remarked that lavender was neither mineral, nor animal, nor fire, nor air, nor water, and that pretty well exhausted the natural kingdom. He did not see why the word 'vegetables' should be limited to things nice to eat. He therefore held that lavender was exempted from the Pedlars' Act, and directed the jury to return a verdict of 'Not Guilty.'" We wonder what reparation Mr. Rockhey will make to Weston. How he must thank his lucky stars that his good heart, at the last moment, got the better of his bad head!

"FINDINGS KEEPINGS."

We have received a communication from the Vicar of Chilcompton referring to our paragraph which appeared in our issue of February 25th. The vicar says that the reason why the second letter of the lady who found the bag was not answered was that its tone was very objectionable, and that he is quite ready to send a guinea to any charity she may name. We think this offer a fair one on the part of the Vicar, and advise its acceptance. Also with reference to this paragraph a correspondent directs our attention to the fact that in Germany the finder of lost valuables is legally entitled to a reward of 10 per cent. of the value of the articles. We are not sure that such a law might not be usefully enforced here.

SANDY McNAB'S BLACK CAT.

Here is a St. Leonards lady's theory of the Crippen house incident:—

> It has struck me that the animal probably ran up a chimney and the register may have shut down, for we were once obliged to get rid of a black cat which would rush up the nearest chimney if anyone went near it, and one day a register shut down, and it remained up the chimney for some hours. If Mr. Sandy McNab was away all the next day there might have been no one to hear its cries, and it probably became exhausted for want of food and in making frantic efforts to get out.

But wasn't Sandy McNab's cat in a cupboard? Of course, if it lived up the chimney that would account for its colour.

THE "JOHN BULL" BIOSCOPE.

A series of Bioscope pictures, depicting how JOHN BULL and MRS. BULL are produced, is being shown in various towns and cities on the cinematograph of the "John Bull Entertainment." To-day (Thursday) the car will be in Hythe (Suffolk); Friday, Coggeshall; Saturday, Braintree; Monday, Witham; Tuesday, Maldon; Wednesday, Chelmsford; and readers and their friends in the districts should not fail to see these well-known periodicals "in the making."

MR. H. E. SWAINSTON, 219, Belsize Road, South Hampstead, wishes to be dissociated from Harry Swain*son*, charged at Marylebone with being found on enclosed premises, and referred to in a recent paragraph of this journal.

IS CANADA WORTH KEEPING?—IV.

SENDING BACK THE "UNDESIRABLES"—BRITISH IMMIGRATION RAPIDLY DECREASING—GREAT AMERICAN INFLUX.

There is another question besides the one we have chosen to head this series of articles. We have not only to ask, Is Canada worth keeping? but also, Is Canada willing to remain within the Empire? Very recently there was a debate in the Dominion Parliament on annexation, and it may be admitted that nothing could be more satisfactory, from the point of view of those who wish to retain Canada within the Empire, than the statements made during the debate by representative speakers. One and all, the Opposition speakers opposed the reciprocity agreement on the ground that it might lead to annexation, and Mr. Monk introduced an amendment repudiating it. On the Government side of the House, the Prime Minister said that, although he considered the amendment quite unnecessary, he accepted it because so many people "professed the feeling that annexation is intended." The Finance Minister, Mr. Fielding, ridiculed the notion of annexation. Mr. Le Mieux, speaking for the French Canadians, said they are against all ideas of annexation "because of the privileges they enjoy under the British Crown, whereby their language, faith, customs and usages are all guaranteed," and he went on to say, amid the cheers of the House, "We have fairly won our way into the British brotherhood, and we cannot hear with patience that any trade arrangement, however favourable, will turn us from the course we have chosen for ourselves within the greatest Empire that has ever been." Nothing could have been more emphatic, so far as words go, but words are not everything, and we have to look at facts.

Canadian Deportations.

We showed the other day how greatly Canada is indebted to the mother-country for that financial assistance without which her recent development would have been impossible. We have given up to Canada two of the greatest fortified bases in the world, Halifax and Esquimault. The Canadian people know they can count on the British Navy to protect their interests upon the seas. These are great services rendered by the mother-country to Canada. What has she given, what is she willing to give, in return? Great Britain desires to send her surplus population, irrespective of status, to the Colonies, where white men can live and thrive. But not only is Canada creating restrictions against the entry of people from Great Britain, she has positively deported several thousands of British people in recent years, men who went to Canada either in ignorance of the conditions of entry, or unable to comply with them. If the Empire is anything more than a name, the British citizen should have the right to go to any colony without let or hindrance so long as he has not broken the laws of the mother-land. If the Empire is one and indivisible, the Colonies have no right to exclude him. Canada has no more right to exclude people coming from Great Britain than the City of London to keep out people from Manchester or Liverpool. But, in fact, the deportations of British citizens who have gone to Canada have been much more numerous than those of any foreign race to be found there. The Canadians admit it, but explain it by saying that a large number of the immigrants from Great Britain, sent out by institutions created to encourage emigration, are of the class described as "undesirables." That is to say, they are not precisely the men Canada wants. Canada does not want men of the artisan class, nor does she want labourers to go to her without £5 in their pockets. In the opinion of the rulers of Canada, those who require assistance to emigrate are necessarily "undesirables." That is a monstrous assumption. Some years ago, during the discussion of the American exclusion laws, a New York comic journal published a cartoon. Upon a wharf were depicted four prosperous looking plutocrats, with broad bellies and large gold watch-chains, repulsing with outstretched hands a boatload of half-starving emigrants from Europe. Behind the four comfortable plutocrats were depicted the ghostly shapes of four starving, pallid emigrants—their own ancestors! The moral is applicable just as much to Canada as to the United States, for many of our Canadian kinsmen, who are now occupying the seats of the mighty, would not have been allowed to enter the land of promise if the present restrictions had been in force.

Startling Immigration Figures.

The truth is that Canada is rapidly losing that distinctive British complexion she used to have. The restrictions put upon British emigrants have reduced British emigration to Canada considerably. The following figures show the immigration into the Dominion from British, Continental, and United States, sources for the last five years:—

	British.	Continental.	United States.	Total.
1905-1906 ..	86,796	44,349	57,919	189,064
1906-1907 .. (9 months period)	55,791	34,217	34,659	124,667
1907-1908 ..	120,182	83,975	58,312	262,469
1908-1909 ..	52,901	34,175	59,832	146,908
1909-1910 ..	59,790	45,206	103,798	208,794

These figures show that in 1905-1906 the British emigration formed nearly half of the whole, and was largely in excess of that from the United States, whereas in 1909-1910 the British emigration was only a little over half of that of the United States, and was very little more than a fourth of the whole.

The American Influx.

The American immigrants are largely farmers, accustomed to prairie life and bringing with them large sums of money. It is said that in 1907-1908 the 58,000 immigrants from the United States took with them into Canada more than £10,600,000 in cash and settlers' effects. It is not perhaps surprising that Canada prefers these immigrants to the men without the £5 from the mother-country. But who can doubt that this American immigration is hostile to the Imperial connection? "It is remarkable," writes Mr. E. R. Enock in his very interesting book on "An Imperial Commonwealth," just published, "that Canada should not recognise in this great influx of Americans, however good citizens they may be, a danger to the integrity of Canada. Have they forgotten the example of Texas? Are these Americans likely to give any allegiance to the British Flag, or even to Canadian citizenship in the long run? It is quite true that many of them may find they prefer the conditions they enter upon to those they left, and even that some of them were Canadians formerly who crossed the border in the lean years gone by, but those who know the American character will doubt if they would foreswear their allegiance to their own flag. If Americans people the West of Canada largely, the most natural inference is that the West will drop off. Canada is already divided geographically, and if the British Canadian bond be not maintained from ocean to ocean, the plainest inference seems that of dismemberment."

SALVATION ARMY NUISANCES.

AN ISLINGTON MAN'S COMPLAINT.

"E. R." writes:—

"The Almeida Street Barracks of the Salvation Army are quite enough nuisance to the residents in the ordinary way, but on Saturday last, and the early hours of Sunday morning, they held some sort of a ceremony, the best description of which is a 'midnight hullabaloo.' On enquiry, I found they themselves termed it a 'Drunkards' Raid,' and that they had started on the warpath at 11.15 p.m. Saturday. They evidently captured a few drunkards and the usual rag and bobtail hangers-on, and must have brought them back in triumph, for it was certainly after 12 a.m. Sunday when we were all startled out of our sleep by the playing of instruments and singing and shouting *in the open air*. This impudence continued for some considerable time, and the Army followed it up by holding a further band service inside the barracks. I think this sort of thing is rather hard luck on the inhabitants of the street, who are doing their best to be respectable, in spite of them. No other party or person could cut these capers with impunity, and I sincerely hope that when we are lucky enough to get business combined with our legislation, it will be found possible to make the S.A. respect it. I respect any man's religion, but it is impossible to tolerate their humbug. What on earth is the good to the Salvation Army to wake half a sleeping neighbourhood in order to collect a few drunkards together, who might otherwise have found their way home much earlier, make a parade of them, and leave them in close proximity to the police-station, which is within a stone's throw from here? Besides being unfair to us, when you come to think of it, it is popping it on the drunks somewhat."

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A Retford reader sends us the following interesting communication:—

> Referring to your paper for February 25th, page 275, respecting "Jonah and the Whale," so far as the record in the Bible goes, it says in the 17th verse of the 1st chapter of Jonah that "The Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah," and says nothing about a whale. Certainly the translators of the New Testament have described the fish to be a whale, as shown in Matthew, 12th chapter, 40th verse, but although the revised version of the New Testament in the same verse says "whale," the marginal rendering is shown as sea monster.
>
> So that, without going so far as to prove a whale can swallow a man, it is better to take the Old Testament rendering as a "great fish," I wonder how Mr. Bullen would explain the 2nd verse of the 2nd chapter of Jonah, "Out of the Belly of Hell, cried I"?

SHORT WEIGHTS.

We have received the following letter from a member of a firm of provision merchants. It is really scandalous, this short weight trickery. What are the Inspectors of Weights and Measures about?

> Your recent exposure of Spiers and Pond brought to light a very common practice still perpetrated by several branches of the provision trade. I do not wish to sail under false colours, and wish you to know that I am a partner in a grocery and provision business in this city. We, like our fellow traders in all the principal towns throughout the country, are suffering a grievous wrong practised by the many "multiple" shops—viz., giving *short weight*, and overcharging unsuspecting customers a few coppers in reckoning odd ounces.
>
> I sent a lad to make purchases of cheese and butter at three different companies' shops, and they cheated him at each place, at two of the places 2½d. each in a piece of cheese weighing between 2 and 3 lbs., and in the other case, 2 ozs. in the weight of 2 lbs. of butter. I sent him back with the goods, and they all corrected their so-called mistakes, and made a paltry excuse. I could not take up the matter, because I should be accused of trade jealousy. The public are defrauded wholesale.

THE EARLY BIRDS.

HOW MESSRS. GEIVE, MATTHEWS AND SEAGROVE STEAL A MARCH ON THEIR RIVALS.

Complaints have reached us regarding an apparently undue preference in the matter of the supply of outfits to cadets, surgeons and others proposing to enter the Royal Navy.

A little while ago a gentleman requested the Admiralty to forward him particulars of cadetships. Shortly afterwards, there reached him a book entitled "How to Become a Naval Officer," published by Gieve, Matthews and Seagrove, Ltd., of 65, South Molton Street, Brook Street, W., Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham and Weymouth, containing many photographs of the various departments at Osborne and Dartmouth Colleges. The recipient of this book complained to the First Lord of the evident disclosure to a trading firm of his name and address, and of the preference which they apparently enjoyed, but was informed in reply that the Lords Commissioners "are not aware of any facilities having been afforded to this firm to obtain the information embodied in the book."

A little while later an application was made for the necessary forms to the Director-General of the Medical Department, Admiralty, by a would-be naval surgeon. Within a week he received from Messrs. Gieve and Co. a letter offering their services, and enclosing one of their publications. Complaint was made to the Medical Director-General, who expressed regret at the candidate being annoyed, and stated that "steps have been taken to prevent this recurring in future."

Surely this preferential treatment is very unfair to other traders, who, when having to go to Osborne College, are only allowed to see the cadets with whom they have appointments, and are then shown out of the building, whereas Messrs. Gieve and Co. are, apparently—judging by the photographs—allowed to wander all over the place and do pretty much as they like.

THE BRISTOL TRAMWAYS COMPANY.

MORE INTERESTING FACTS.

We have received the following letter from a Bristol correspondent:—

> In a recent issue of JOHN BULL you addressed several questions to Sir George White respecting the Bristol Tramways Company, and I know a large number of your readers in Bristol are anxiously waiting to see the replies. The answer to each of the questions *can only be in the affirmative.*
>
> There are one or two other points with regard to the treatment of the employees of this Company. One of your questions referred to the spare drivers and conductors. These "spares" frequently have to report at the depot as early as 4.50 a.m. on the oft chance of regular men not turning up. Should no vacancies occur, the "spares" are kept at the depot usually until about 10 a.m. and then dismissed for the day. These men get no pay whatever unless they obtain a car.
>
> Drivers and conductors are on spare work eight to twelve months. No driver or conductor, whether regular or spare man, must accept any sort of employment in order to increase his small earnings during his vacant time. Should he do an odd job he is liable to instant dismissal. Not only so, but a man's wife is debarred from going into business while her husband is an employee of the Bristol Tramways Company.

"UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT."

LOTINGA'S WEEKLY.

"LOTINGA'S WEEKLY" is now a stable companion of "JOHN BULL," and is rapidly getting back to its old form. Next week it will try to give the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap.

EVERY WEDNESDAY. ONE PENNY.

"DREADNOUGHTS" AND DOCKYARDS.

MR. McKENNA'S AMAZING BLUNDERS.

It is not too much to say that Mr. McKenna's pronouncement in the House of Commons, made in the spring of 1909, as to the relative strength of English and German fleets shook confidence in the accuracy of his official statements. Indeed, we are sorry to say that nearly every statement that Mr. McKenna makes upon the Navy from his place in Parliament is open to serious exception. Let us take the question of dockyard accommodation for *Dreadnoughts*. Nothing is more necessary to the national defence than docks in which to refit maimed ships in time of war. Now on the 15th of February, 1909, Mr. McKenna was asked as to the number of dry and floating docks completed, or in construction, capable of receiving *Dreadnoughts*, and this is his reply:—

> The number of British dry and floating docks completed or under construction capable of receiving *Dreadnoughts* was as follows: In the United Kingdom 13 Admiralty docks and 9 private, making a total of 22. Of these, 14 were *available for use in the North Sea* and the English Channel. Outside the United Kingdom there were 7 Admiralty and 5 private docks, making a total of 12. The total number in the German Empire was 11, of which *eight* were available for use in the North Sea.

It will be observed that Mr. McKenna said that of the 22 British docks, 14 are "available" for use in the North Sea and English Channel. This was a misleading statement. The object of the question was to ascertain how we stood in relation to Germany, and, so far as Germany is concerned, docks not based on the North Sea may be ruled out. Mr. McKenna used the word "available," by which we must suppose he means useful for vessels engaged in operations in the North Sea. Now, as a matter of fact, there is not a single dock based on the North Sea available for use. True, there is one dock, a private one, the Hebburn Graving Dock, on the Tyne, but owing to its lack of depth—it is only 29 feet at high water—this dock is useless for the requirements of *Dreadnoughts*. The earlier *Dreadnoughts* draw 28 feet, and there is an Admiralty regulation which lays down that men-of-war must not be moored in a dock unless there is a clear 2 feet of water under them. The only way in which a *Dreadnought* could be got into Hebburn Dock is by extensively lightening her.

Our Dockyards Described.

The dockyard on the Medway cannot accurately be spoken of as being based on the North Sea, but it might at a pinch be made to accommodate an injured *Dreadnought*, provided certain dredging operations were completed, but at the present time it is not available.

There is a dock at Sheerness capable of taking a *Dreadnought*, but so far no *Dreadnought* has been docked owing to the difficulty of approach, and consequently Mr. McKenna ruled out that one.

It follows, if these statements are correct, that at the present time we have no dockyard based upon the North Sea which is capable of docking a *Dreadnought*, much less a *super-Dreadnought*. But are these statements true?

Mr. McKenna, questioned by Mr. Hunt, on February 28th, as to how many docks there are on the East coast in which a *super-Dreadnought*, drawing two feet beyond her usual draught, could be docked, admitted there were none. We go further, and say that there is not a single dock on the East coast that would admit even an original *Dreadnought* with her usual draught.

Mr. McKenna was further questioned by Mr. Hunt as to how many docks Germany has opposite our East coast, and he refused to reply. But on February 16th, in answer to Lord Charles Beresford, he said that Germany has eight docks built, six of which are Government docks. Here again he is inaccurate. Just as, when referring to the English docks, he grossly exaggerated the dockyard accommodation, so when referring to German docks he minimises it. Germany has not eight docks as Mr. McKenna said, but nine—that is eight graving and one floating dock. Mr. McKenna omitted the floating dock at Hamburg, which was completed last year, is the largest in existence, and is capable of receiving a 35,000 ton ship. Of the other eight German docks five are capable of receiving ships of the same tonnage as our *super-Dreadnoughts*, and the other three are capable of docking the original type of *Dreadnought*, which itself is too deep for our one dock on the Tyne.

A Lame Excuse.

In declining to discriminate between the different docks belonging to Germany, Mr. McKenna sought to justify his silence by saying that "confidential information as to the dimensions of ships would thereby be disclosed." This is really too absurd. In "Warships of the World," by Mr. Fred Jane, there will be found the minutest particulars of our own and every other country's warships.

Portsmouth.

If we pass from the North Sea southward, we find at Portsmouth, our greatest naval centre, a dock which is incapable of receiving a water-logged *Dreadnought* at all, and could not accommodate a *Dreadnought* of the original type, with her average cruising draught, more than 14½ days and nights a month, and then only upon her being lightened to the extent of 1,700 tons. This is owing to the shallow depth of what is known as the Fountain Lake entrance to the dock. At her nominal depth, it is true, such a ship could obtain entrance to the dock just three times a year, owing to certain high tides, but speaking generally, unless lightened she could not get into the dock at all. It being necessary in war that any injured ship should be docked speedily if at all, this dock must be ruled out as being useless in war.

Devonport.

The position at Devonport is better. There, the No. 6 Keyham Dock will take a ship drawing 38 ft. at high tide. The other three docks alluded to by Mr. McKenna have a depth of 32½ ft. at their entrance. The remaining Admiralty dock is that of Haulbowline, in Cork Harbour.

Southampton.

Of the private docks enumerated by Mr. McKenna as capable of receiving *Dreadnoughts*, one only is at Southampton, and is intended for the accommodation of White Star liners, and two are on the Mersey for the Cunard boats. There is also a municipal dock at Bristol, and one at Belfast.

The position really is this—that there are no English docks, Imperial or private, at present available, within a reasonable distance of the North Sea, capable of receiving a badly-wounded *Dreadnought*, and that she should be escorted all the way to Devonport is, on the face of it, absurd. On the other hand, Germany has nine docks capable of berthing *Dreadnoughts*. Germany has 38 miles of coast-line and nine docks on it, we have a littoral stretching from the North of Scotland to the southernmost part of England, a distance not very far short of 1,000 miles, and until Southampton is reached there is but a single dock that can take a *Dreadnought*, and that a private dock not intended for the reception of heavy men-of-war.

OUR EDITOR IN PARLIAMENT.

FLATTERING TRIBUTES FROM "TIMES" AND "TELEGRAPH."

Mr. Bottomley took a prominent part, last week, in the debate on the Parliament Bill, and both the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* gave special attention to his speech. The *Times* honoured it with several references in its first leading article, whilst the *Telegraph*, in its Parliamentary review, made the following comments:—

> We may note what an extraordinary tribute was paid to the member for South Hackney by the crowd of members who thronged the Bar to listen, and still more by the number of Front Bench men who heard him to the end. It was, indeed, highly diverting to see such a row of Ministers as Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Pease, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Samuel all patiently submitting themselves to the stinging attentions of the gad-fly. Mr. Bottomley did not spare them. He ridiculed their high pretensions. He mocked at their mouthing orations, at their arrogance, at their profession to represent the People. He laid bare the long catalogue of their cant and hypocrisy. He quoted—deadliest blow of all—against their tall speeches the casual opinion of the policeman in the outer lobby. They "sate under him" with meekness; stretching forth their submissive necks as does a Chinaman to his executioners, and their Radical followers and Labour allies kept their places, looking sick, sore and sorry, loathing the speaker, and yet too much abashed to challenge or deny his sarcasms.

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An Article of Great Importance to All Engaged in Business.

Just think for a moment how long it is since your salary was raised, how long since you received any promotion.

Is it longer than you like? Have you worked hard and earnestly, but found your efforts go unrecognised and unrewarded?

Well, how much have you *learnt* during that time? How much do you know of the work outside your own department? Because to-day it is not mere hard work that brings success, half so much as *general* ability, the power to fill any position that offers.

One way to get it is to spend your whole life experimenting with your problems and finding out your own solutions. That may mean success when you are seventy or eighty years of age. Another way is to benefit by other men's experience. That means success when you still can enjoy it and not a problematical success when you are too old to care.

How You Can Obtain It.

This way lies in the possession of a copy of the "Business Encyclopædia," the most valuable asset that any business man could have. It tells you all about Book-keeping, about drawing up balance-sheets, figuring depreciations, or working time-keeping systems, about income tax claims and abatements, company law, cheques, promissory notes, and bills, selling schemes and advertising, management of salesmen, and thousands of other subjects—everything, in fact, that could possibly occur in business life to-day.

Whether you are a clerk or a cashier, a canvasser or a commercial traveller, a shop-keeper or a wholesaler, a manufacturer or his agent, a stockbroker or a banker, the "Business Encyclopædia" will prove intensely valuable to you. If you are engaged in selling anything it will help you to sell more of it, and if you have only your own services to sell, it will help you to sell them at a better price, by providing you with the knowledge that will make your services of greater value.

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition.

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The selection of the Best Novels of Balzac was placed in the hands of Mr. Clement Shorter, the Editor of the *Sphere*, and an acknowledged authority on the subject.

What Mr. Clement Shorter says:-

"I have been asked which, in my judgment, are the best novels of Balzac. There is little difficulty in coming to a decision. I would give them as follows:—

Cousine Bette.	The Lily of the Valley.
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To Mr. Shorter's choice we have added several other novels, and the whole form fourteen fine volumes, handsomely bound in green and gold. The illustrations are particularly notable. They are by many of the foremost French artists, and the frontispieces are etchings printed from copper-plates. When it is mentioned that the originals were exhibited in the Salon it will be realised that they are certainly out of the ordinary.

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THE ILLUSTRATED CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

Have you ever thought what it would mean to you to possess some work of reference in which you could find any information you wanted in your home or in your work? If you have no such work, what do you do when any point of doubt crops up in your house? When you are reading the paper you must often come across something that you cannot remember, or have never heard of. What do you do? Do you pass it over and miss the real meaning of the reference, or have you some work at your elbow that will give you full particulars about any question you like to put to it?

The "Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia" is the *only* work that really fulfils this purpose. It is the only work at a moderate price that can be depended on for reliable information on any and every subject. Its contributors include 1,000 of the most famous men of our time, and between them they deal with every detail of human knowledge.

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Chambers's is printed on fine wove paper, perfectly opaque and delightful to handle. It is not printed on India Paper, and you do not have to wet your fingers to turn the leaves over. This is an important point. During their many years' experience the publishers have found that India Paper is quite unsuitable for a permanent work of reference, such as any encyclopædia ought to be.

For this reason Chambers's is supplied at one-fifth the price of any other encyclopædia attempting to equal it in information given or in value generally. You need not take this sweeping statement on our authority only. Chambers's is the encyclopædia habitually employed by practically all the leading men in the United Kingdom.

TWO OPINIONS.

F. E. Smith, Esq., K.C., M.P., writes on February 10th, 1911:

"I have long regarded 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' as a model of concise and accurate information. The last edition is certainly a great improvement on its predecessors. I have tested the work by referring to a number of subjects on which I have some special knowledge, and have invariably found the information reliable, well expressed, and, above all, up to date."

Lord Curzon of Kedleston writes on October 18th, 1910:

"I have always regarded 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' as the most concise, scholarly and useful compendium of universal knowledge anywhere to be found within a similar compass."

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"VEGETARIAN VAPOURINGS."

THE DANGER OF FLESH FOOD.

We have received the following letter from Sir W. Cooper, of Hume Towers, Bournemouth :—

A friend sent me, this morning, a cutting from your issue of last week entitled "Vegetarian Vapourings," and on reading it I laughed because of its wit. But I have realised that wit, however keen and brilliant it may be, sometimes alienates friends and creates for us a host of foes.

A few years ago I, like the writer of "Vegetarian Vapourings," regarded those who advocated food reform as cranks; and those who abstained from flesh food as faddists. To-day, I not only admit the common-sense basic principle of dietetic reform, but recognise the enormous danger to human life lurking in the juicy joints, the succulent sweetbread and the toothsome kidney.

It has been statistically proved that over fifty per cent. of the animals slaughtered for human food suffer from some form of disease—tuberculosis, cancer, anthrax, pleuro-pneumonia, swine-fever, sheep-scab, tapeworm and numerous other maladies. It is also affirmed that, as the consumption of diseased cellular tissue of the sub-human family by man sets up disease in his own tissues, the eating of flesh food is, therefore, not only extremely dangerous to human life but repugnant to human reason and common-sense.

Then, it is known that, as certain sections of the Anglo-Saxon race consume more butcher's meat per head of the population than any other section of the great human family, so do those flesh-devouring sections suffer from more serious diseases than people of other countries.

The finest and hardiest races in Europe, and perhaps in the world, are those commencing with the Magyars and ending with the Slavonic groups of Aryans who now inhabit those states stretching away from the South of Hungary to the shores of the Adriatic and Black Seas.

These races are renowned for longevity, and among them may be found the greatest number of centenarians in the world. Agrarian to the hilt, they are practically abstainers from flesh-food, "the kindly fruits of the earth" furnishing their chief aliment, while they draw liberally upon the "sour milk" supply as a useful adjunct to their bloodless dietary.

By accident or design have these splendid relics of the great Aryan family occupying the Eastern parts of Europe thus evolved a dietary ethically sound, economically perfect and scientifically correct, and thus it comes about that the exhausted society of Western Europe, believing it has discovered a panacea for its own dietetic mistakes in the "sour milk" of the hardy Slavs, catches at it as a drowning man may catch at a floating plank.

Those who trust in this new craze to save them from their own errors will live to learn that magnificent physique, personal comeliness, splendid health and longevity depend not alone upon "sour milk," but upon those other concomitants comprising the system of dietetics of those Eastern peoples which we dwellers in the Western States are not by any means inclined to adopt.

But, apart from this consideration, flesh as a food is not only highly injurious to human health, but it absolutely ranks by far the lowest in nutritive value *of all foods that man partakes of!* (See Table of Food Values in the small volume I send—"The Toiler and his Food.")

Realising that all flesh food is really poor in nourishment, and, *as a food*, out of all proportion to its excessive cost, I felt constrained to write this small book (cost 1d.) so that the working classes may be able to judge of a simple question in a practical manner. If you, Sir, will do me the honour of reading it, I believe you will see the necessity of preaching from the columns of your widely read journal the same evangel of common-sense aimed at in its pages.

Your witty little notice ends with a paraphrase on the well-known words "Let us pray." It runs—"Meanwhile the watchword of humanity is: Let us prey." So be it! Remember, however, where the human preys upon the sub-human the lower order takes fearful reprisals upon the higher by importing into the human system many of those terrible maladies which science affirms are now traceable to the consumption of the diseased tissues of animals.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

Please could you give me full particulars about the railway being started in Queensland?

What is the correct colour of our English rose, symbolic of the Patron Saint George?

I could write to you, weekly, columns of what appeared in *Lloyd's* 50 years ago.

Let me know in this week's issue whether consumption is hereditary or not.

Are there any books published that would enlighten me in the manufacture of cheap cordials and British wines?

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXXXII.

HOW WE STARVE OUR FIGHTING MEN.

A prematurely aged man, dressed in rags, wearing boots without soles, delivered the following letter to us a day or two ago. He walked eight miles to ensure our getting it, for he was without a penny to buy a stamp. He is one of "Our Second Line of Defence"! We caused investigation to be made into the statements of his letter, and have satisfied ourselves that they are true. We commend his case, with confidence, to the sympathy of our readers :—

I have read a good many of your Human Documents in your paper, John Bull, and I wonder if you would consider mine a deserving case. I have been out of regular employment for over two years, and have had to part with all my home except one chair, table, and bedstead, and off of the bed the brass and nobs, for food. I have one child, three years of age, and mine and my wife's total earnings since Christmas amount to 29s. 11d. I have only had three days' work in the Victoria Docks this year, and we are starving. I applied to the lady of the Malvern College Mission for a Church Army ticket, and was told they didn't like to give them away, as they were too expensive. My wife also applied to the Salvation Army depot at Barking Road for some *Daily Graphic* soup tickets, and was given two, and when she went again was told they could not give any more till they made enquiries. That was six weeks ago, and nobody has been here yet. I also had a visit from an official of the Church Army three weeks ago, and he hasn't been back, after promising to get me work. Sir, I served in South Africa during the war, with the 4th East Surrey Regiment, and also in Ireland, and I have enclosed two testimonials I had given me by a lady and gentleman I served under as orderly. I am only 28 years of age, and will accept anything in the way of work, however little, to keep a roof over our heads and a little food. We have lived on 4s. 5d. for over 14 days. My mother, who is 63, has pawned her clothes for us, and I have no means of getting them out again, and I myself have not a boot to my foot. I pawned my only decent jacket on January 4th. I hope, sir, you will kindly make enquiries into what I have written, as I am appealing to your readers for help. Is there any of your readers who can put me in the way of some work in the docks or as a carman, or help me with the gift of some boots and clothes for my wife and myself? I worked five years for Messrs. G. R. Mackenzie, Ltd., of Battersea, and have enclosed copy of testimonial.

I hope, sir, that you will excuse paper that I have used, but I have no other, nor a stamp to post this.

We have received and duly remitted, the following to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named :—

CXXIX.—H. S., 1s.; D. S., £3; "Scat," 2s.; H. A. H., 1s.; E. E., 2s. 6d.; G. H., 2s.; "A Mother," 2s. 6d.; D. D., 2s. 6d.; "Simplicitas," 1s. 8d.; A. B., 2s.; "Seafarer," 2s. 6d.; F. P., 2s. 6d.; "Hard Up," 6d.; "Thankful," 4s. 6d.; A. M. G., 1s.; H. P. S., 1s.; "A Little Help," 10s.; "Salcombe," 2s. 6d. E. P., 2s. 6d.; J. J. J., 2s.; U. S., 1s.; T. McE., 1s.; "A Jewess," 2s. 6d.; E. H. 2s. 6d.

CXXX.—F. E. E. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier," 1s.; "Nothing," 2s. 6d.; "Impulsive," 2s. 6d.; "Mike," 5s.; E. & A., 1s.; "Selfish," 2s.; "Soldier and His Wife," 5s.; R. H., 5s.; "Sympathizer from India," 5s.; E. C., 5s.; G. G., 5s.; P., 5s.; "Peter," 4s.; N. S., 2s.

CXXXI.—Mrs. J. F. H., 2s. 6d.; C. B. M., 2s. 6d.; A. D., 21s.; A. A. P., 1s.; "Honest Freemason," 5s.

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

March 9th.—Bart Kennedy.

You've tramped and you've struggled and striven
On many an alien shore,
The chains of convention you've riven
And flung them aside with a roar;
You may be eccentric, but this much is true—
You look at the world from your own point of view.

Your style is a trifle staccato,
Your emphasis somewhat pronounced,
But, whilst not exactly a Cato,
Shams, humbug and cant you've denounced:
We therefore consider success is your due
In your latest intrepid adventure, *The View.*

The Lightest Hat of its kind in the whole world—weighing but 1¼ ounces.

THE "AERO" FOLDING FELT

Ideal for Lounge, Sporting and Holiday Wear—

is a hat which should form part of the wardrobe of all men who value a combination of Comfort and Good Style. Primarily intended for Neglige Wear—it serves that purpose through and beyond. When a Cap would not be permissible, the "Aero" would be in good taste—apart from being more Stylish and more Comfortable. . . For Evening Wear . . Garden Wear . . Golf . . Cycling . , Tennis . . Boating—for all but strictly formal occasions—this hat is ideal in every respect.

. . Adaptability is a strong feature of the "Aero." Being extremely pliable, it can be shaped by the wearer to suit his face, his taste, or the occasion—the possible shapes being almost endless in variety.

. . It is made of a good quality felt, so soft and pliable that the hat can be folded and put into one's pocket. It is practically waterproof; heavy rain might penetrate it, but would not injure it. It is made in the following colours:—Dark Green, Light Green, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Grey, Black, and White.

. . PRICE 4/6 POST FREE. . .

. . This hat can be obtained from any of our branches except the Gracechurch Street one, or Post Free from our Mail Order Dept., at 388 Strand. In ordering by post, please state the size of hat usually worn, and the Colour required. Remittance must accompany all orders, but the hat will be exchanged if not approved, or the money refunded. Please mention JOHN BULL.

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28-29 COVENTRY ST., HAYMARKET, W
118-120 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

CRIME.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

Has it ever occurred to you that a very large proportion of the population—judges, feudal magnates, bishops, priests and deacons, soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors; guardians of our morals, you yourself, gentle reader, who knows? I, even I, your guide, philosopher and friend—only owe it to chance that we have never been to gaol?

Fashionable Felony.

Now to be erudite. There be two kinds of crime: the absolute and the artificial. Even the absolute depends upon circumstances. Take murther. If you kill an old woman because she has ducats in her stocking, your neck will be in danger of hemp. But if you don a red coat and imperialists are thirsting for expansion, you may shoot down in their prime a dozen widows' mainstays and your breast will be bedizened with ribbons. Take theft. It is very wrong to steal stamps, or loaves, or blouses, but you may pilfer the people's land by legal process, or pillage the widow and orphan by rigging a market, or rob whole classes and industries by voting for some rotten Bill, and all men will delight to do you honour. I confess I do not see how we are to remedy this state of things, for a penal code can always be baffled by lawyers and clever criminals who master the rules of the game.

Crow's Conscience.

And yet, oddly enough, there is a substratum of truth in the old saw about cheats never prospering. Even Bonaparte went to St. Helena for the good of the world's health, and O. Cromwell suffered mental tortures after the establishment of his dictatorship. Consider the career of almost any great financier in history: you will find that he perished miserably. The kingdom of Hell is within you, oh ye masters of ill-gotten gains, even though you wear soft clothing and eat aspics and have handles to your names. I do not envy you, though I be poor and weary and heavy-laden, for I find an ever-abiding joy in the cultivation of a good conscience. Selah!

Prejudice and Penalties.

Now, to come to artificial crimes. These are the scandalous, man-made travesties of justice, which it is my ambition to denounce. Let life and property be protected by all means—at least, within reason. There are, of course, a few people on my cautionary list, whose necks should be wrung and their corpses be made a portion for foxes. But we may not shoot people merely because they don rainbow socks, or wear whiskers, or otherwise offend against the canons of good taste. No unwritten law on this side of the Atlantic, if you please. No extenuating circumstances for the jealous on this side of the Channel or the grave.

Suppositious Sins.

How define an artificial crime? Let me give a few instances. Certain misguided zealots have jumped to the conclusion that, because the old Jews were wont to idle away their Saturdays, therefore we Christians are abominable spalpeens if we do not devote our Sundays to deepest gloom. I forget how many times an unfortunate newsagent has been fined for breaches of Charles II.'s Act. Again, alcoholic excess is horrid. I dare say it does not really ruin homes or induce wife-beating. But it is bad for the breath, cruel to the complexion, noxious to the nose. That, however, is no reason why water-bibbers should penalise the pleasure of people who prefer a glad countenance to a pink-and-white one. Still less should the fact that all wise old women retire early to rest justify a general curfew at supper-time. Legislators should really try to realise that we must all work out our own salvation in the school of experience. Kill-joys can give us smugness and monotony and quiet nights, but they do not train us to face an emergency.

If I Were a Kill-joy.

Besides, the imposition of prejudices easily becomes an incubus. I suppose I have a fairly healthy mind, but someone would be sure to grumble if all my whims were embodied in a penal code. I would fine anybody 40s. for eating poached eggs, or mustard, or onions, or kippers—at any rate in public. I would imprison all beard-growers for a very long period of time. I would hang, draw and quarter all such as conduct campaigns in favour of conscription. And even then I should accomplish far less harm than the wretches who have so long impeded the pleasures of the people.

The Logic of the Law.

Meanwhile, there remains a grain of consolation in the fact that all sins have not yet been included in the category of crime. A Briton still enjoys the right to be drunk as often as he pleases, so long as he is neither disorderly nor incapable. Of course, many constables and magistrates often stretch this law, but it remains unrepealed even in an age of intemperate temperance fanaticism. Immorality, even adultery, remain outside the penal code. You may ruin a poor innocent girl, and the worst that can happen to you is to be ordered to pay a pittance of 5s. a week towards the maintenance of your child. You may run away with a man's wife and he is only entitled to damages at the discretion of a jury. If he hits you over the head, you can hale him before a magistrate and subject him to fines. The maxim of our jurisprudence evidently is: Who steals my wife steals trash. But a hungry man who steals a loaf to feed his starving children is regarded as a criminal, and must not remain at large. Lo! the logic of legislators.

The Geography of Crime.

It might be expected that the concentrated wisdom of mankind would have arrived at some elementary definition of crime. Not so: the globe-trotter must for ever ask himself: Where is a crime not a crime? In old days you might be burned for not being a Catholic in Spain, or hanged for being one in Ireland. You might be convicted of high treason for drinking the Chevalier's health in London, or held in high honour for drinking it in Edinburgh. Even now you risk penal servitude by taking two wives in this country, whereas you would be laughed to scorn if you had less than four in Turkey or Persia. The Yankees will drink with you in one State and inflict horrible punishments if they catch you drinking in the next. You may buy as many diamonds as you can afford anywhere except in South Africa, but if you buy any there without a licence you will go to the galleys for many a long year. In fact, with the best will in the world, you dunno where you are.

The Artistic Side of Crime.

De Quincey wrote about murther as a fine art. That was absurd of him, for most murtherers are inartistic enough to be found out. But there is a romantic fascination about all great crimes. In old days, when the people did not read novels or newspapers, there was always a market for Newgate kalendars and full particular accompts of trials, and confessions and executions. To this smug day, nothing sells a diurnal so rapidly as a criminal sensation. It is a fashion to denounce this as popular depravity. I prefer to regard it as evidence of the artistic side of crime. We hate the horrible deed, but in spite of ourselves we are fascinated by the courage, ingenuity, dramatic instincts of the criminal.

A Plea For the Poor.

May we not deduce from this that he sometimes has a good side? If I were a judge or a jury, I should always give him every benefit of every doubt; I should give him a chance if there were the faintest hope of his reformation, I should aim at making the law a deterrent rather than a vindictive avenger. Above all, I would diminish the number of crimes on the Statute-book. I would only punish the unpardonable. Think of the hardships and temptations of the poor: is it not wonderful that so vast a majority of them are virtuous, is it not abominable that they should be made scapegoats of the idle rich?

PASSING THOUGHTS.

I thought I saw a paving stone,
Begrimed by many a tread;
I looked again, and saw it was
A slice of Standard Bread.
"Great Scott," I said, "if I ate that
I'd very soon be dead!"

M.

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Illustrations from Photographs

ABSENT TREATMENT (Short Story) - P. G. Wodehouse
Illustrations by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

A SHOT IN THE DARK (Short Story) - Bernard Darwin
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WATER-SPIDERS—and How They Became So John J. Ward, F.E.S.
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CAREERS IN PICTURES.—I. The Rt. Hon. John Burns. M.P.
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THE REWARD OF PATRIOTISM.

DEPRIVING AN OLD SOLDIER OF HIS LIVING.

When little Harry Coe first went to school, the germ of patriotism lay in his undeveloped brain. One day the parson paid a visit to the school and, as was his wont, he looked out for new scholars. Noticing chubby-faced little Coe, he approached him, chucked him under the chin, and said, "Well, my boy, what are you going to be when you are a big man?"

For a moment the little chap hesitated, then exclaimed, "Please, sir, I'm going to be a soldier." The answer evidently pleased the Vicar, because he kissed the boy and presented him with a packet of sweets.

In course of time, Coe reached man's estate, and kept his word. He became a Guardsman. His chief duty in time of peace was now to guard royalty.

But the life of a soldier is not all "beer and skittles." A time comes when the grim spectre of war makes an appearance.

The call came, and Harry and his comrades went forth to fight the Boers. For two years Coe served with his regiment in South Africa, and took part in many a bloody battle. Then he fell ill and was invalided home. A grateful country presented him with a medal, to which were attached no less than seven bars. As Harry's health had become thoroughly undermined in the war, and he was unfit to render any further service to his country, he was granted a pension of ninepence a day. It was not explained to him how he was to live on this fabulous sum, and he set about to find some light employment.

He became a pedlar. Opening a little shop at Portsmouth, he was allowed to go into barracks and sell little things to the soldiers. All went well for a time, and Coe, in spite of ill-health, was a happy man. One day, however, he had a rude awakening, for a new regiment marched into barracks, and the old comrades to whom he had sold bootlaces and blacking marched away to the tune of "The girl I left behind me." Now the new regiment was to all intents and purposes the new landlord, and, as such—through the commanding officer—it commenced to assert rights. Coe naturally approached, cap in hand, to obtain the renewal of his permit to sell goods in barracks. But the permit was refused. Time and again Coe urged his claim, but could not move the commander. Then he did a very unsoldierlike act—he entered barracks without a permit. Of course the military police promptly put him out, and at the same time he was told that on no account must he dare to come in again. Desperate at having his living taken away, he defied the military authorities and entered again. This time he was arrested, handcuffed, taken to Petersfield, and confined in a cell. In due time he was brought before a magistrate, charged with trading as a pedlar without a pass, convicted, and fined 11s. and costs.

Coe now writes to us and asks our opinion of the whole affair. We think the treatment he has received is disgraceful. By the way, how is he going on now? Sympathy won't keep him in food and shelter.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

With reference to a paragraph, under this heading, which appeared in a recent issue, we have received a letter from the Hon. H. Dillon, in which he tells us that Collins's statement is greatly exaggerated and in some respects untrue. Mr. Dillon denies that he was rescued in the way described by Collins, and says that in fact it was Mr. Nixon and the staff of servants who sought and found him, and conveyed him to a cottage some 30 yards off. Collins's part in the matter being confined to obeying Mr. Nixon's orders to see him to his house, remove his wet clothes and put him to bed when he got there, Mr. Dillon adds that he remunerated Mr. Collins at the time for such services as he had rendered, and he objects to being asked 18 years afterwards for further payment.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page ill. of Cover.

TABLE ETIQUETTE FOR MEN.

By "Brummell."

Etiquette may be described as the oil that greases the machinery of social life. It is the passport to good society. Its assiduous practice conduces not only to the comfort of one's friends, relatives, and acquaintances, but, what is far more important, also gives rise to a pleasant glow of self-satisfaction.

In no circumstances is the practice of etiquette more essential than when at table. Many people who are perfectly polite at lunch and dinner, have at breakfast the manners of a savage. This should not be. For example, it is very bad form to sniff loudly and suspiciously at one's egg. It is disturbing to other people. It arouses in them feelings of apprehension which may be quite groundless. If there *is* anything wrong with your egg, drop it under the table when no one is looking.

Marmalade should never be spread with the fingers. You might be called upon to shake hands with the rate-collector or some other caller during the morning, and many fastidious people have a rooted objection to shaking a hand "that sticketh closer than a brother."

Drinking from the saucer is not only a mark of ill-breeding, but also an indication of great thirst, an early morning malady best concealed.

Make as little noise as possible whilst eating. It is inconsiderate to drown the conversation. If you are breakfasting alone—which is to be recommended—you may, of course, make a noise like a sausage-machine if you are so disposed.

Never speak with your mouth full. Arguments punctuated by flying crumbs are not always convincing. Besides, it is wicked to waste good food. Even Standard Bread should not be wantonly wasted.

Endeavour not to laugh when you are drinking. Tea and coffee stains are not easily removed.

Never say "What's this?" when you know perfectly well what it is. If you don't like it, give it to the cat. If you have no cat, put it in the stock-pot. If you have no stockpot, throw it over the garden fence.

When lunching in public, avoid looking intently at your neighbour's plate. *He* has to eat what's on it, not you. Keep your eyes fixed on your own plate, or the waiter may think you have finished, and snatch it away.

Do not indulge too freely in the *hors d'œuvres*. Remember, there are other things to follow, and it is just as well to leave room for them.

Never unbutton your waistcoat when half-way through a meal. It is best to let out the strap at the back before entering the room.

Never haggle about the bill. If it is more than you can pay, wait until you can speak to the manager alone. If you are undercharged, pay, and leave the restaurant as quickly as possible.

A careful study of these little points will not only make the path of life more smooth, but will also raise you in the estimation of your friends and relatives.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

THE WOODEN STEAK.

(*Plank cookery is food cooked on a board. Some hotels will cook a plank steak if asked, and there is one restaurant in the City which has specialised in the method for some time past.*)

When we've lunched on a steak in the City,
This "new" dish for years we have met;
Though a plank steak we never have asked for,
Our teeth tell us that's what we get.

THE HUMAN X-RAY.

(*At Maidstone dwells a gentleman, described as a mental scientist and a human X-ray, who says he can cure any disease, and can grow a new eye, a new lung, or a new heart.*)

This wonderful person may tell us the truth,
But in one thing we will not deceive him;
He'll have to supply us a new set of brains
Before we begin to believe him.

Ricardo.

Our designs have always something artistic and distinguished about them, and this is obtained by the fact that we do not purchase goods from small manufacturers. Most of our stock, whether Bedroom Suites, Cabinets or Upholstered goods, is designed in our own Studio and manufactured in our own factories. This not only allows us to give the best possible value to the Public but at the same time we know that no small details are overlooked, such as handles loose, castors not fastened on properly and dozens of small details which cause great annoyance to a purchaser.

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THE DEVIL AMONG THE TAILORS.

"IF THE CAP DOES NOT FIT, DON'T WEAR IT."

By NELSON JACKSON.

This is not an attack on individuals, it is an attack on performances. If you, sweet reader, crave for a literary career, let no minor considerations of fitness deter you. All you need is plenty of ink, and plenty of impudence. *Voila!* you are equipped.

With a few dignified exceptions, the persons who pelt us with parcels of worn and weary words, in the shape of novels, articles, essays, plays, and suchlike, are a flatulent and depressing lot. Their productions are, in the main, "swipes" and "ullage." In some cases, mostly female, they are "offal." Literary reputations are secured very easily. Sometimes they occur through a personal eccentricity, such as not washing, or, fearlessly discarding all good manners. Lavish play with a toothpick, and a disregard of manicure, will often procure an individual more notice than the most exquisite literary gem modestly offered.

Again, an affectation of being on a higher plane of intellectuality than those addressed, has been known to be most effective in lengthening the tail and ears of the human ass who has so elevated himself.

This is shown in the case of the two most notorious "cross-talk" literary "knockabout artistes" of the day. There is no need to name them.

They squirt squibby little paragraphs and paradoxes at each other. Neither injures his opponent. Each helps his antagonist to a greater notoriety. It is log-rolling raised to the oonth power.

Any fool can make paradoxes. It involves no mental effort. Alienists will tell you that the village idiot and the oldest inhabitant use paradox as a means of making known their most urgent needs. So that, on the one hand we have a portly and puffy person juggling with words, and on the other, a vegetable-fed freak ("giving weight away")—doing a very amusing "turn." The worst of it is, they are apt to overdo it. The "work" of neither matters. The portly one will see the doom of his screeds before he condescends to leave us. The other, thanks to the grain and vegetable diet, will, perhaps, live to see his productions given away at goose clubs. They will be put on the tops of the hampers to hold the birds down. In twenty years' time he will be regarded as a comic Carlyle.

Of the two literary "throw-backs," and now "throw-outs," Miss ——— and Mr. ———, it is not necessary to say much. Their trash has ceased to attract (as trash always does), and though they strive, and strive to cast something in the shape of a novel in the face of the public—it is of no avail. They are done, finished with; ended. "For this relief——"

Also, there is the great man of empire; the man who so disguised the British "Tommy" that he could not recognise himself; who taught us all more than any statesman, or exemplar, could have done!!! What of him? Of late he has taken to hoisting a pack of words on a shovel, and heaving them at a screen, very much in the manner that road ballast is handled. The fine sand goes through the apertures; the hard, knobby pieces remain behind. This is what this one-time excellent performer now presents to us (at 6s. per present), with extraordinary labels in the way of titles. Also, he puts lines down purporting to be verse. A gas-bill is better prosody. He apparently punctuates with a salt sprinkler.

We are also favoured with the results of the jaded nervous systems of two lady writers. In seeking a change from the constant contemplation of the human animal, I went to the Zoological Gardens one recent day. I made the acquaintance of a fascinating, and urbane Bactrian camel. To cement what promised to be a friendship, I tendered him a meal purchased (quite locally) at twopence a bag. The camel took the contents of six bags, and was then offered the crumpled paper for dessert; the dessert appeared to be taken with equal relish. The means being at hand, he was then offered six pages of the work of Mrs. ———, whereupon he turned his—er—hump on his would-be benefactor. The pages were then taken and offered to a South African goat (and *he* will eat *anything*), but the goat after one sniff, acted appropriately, if unconventionally. With regard to the other lady writer, whom I bracket with the author of the declined food for goats, I would suggest that His Majesty the King, should alter the name of a certain decoration given for personal valour.

For many years now we have had an extremely boring performer who writes on whiskers. He seems to grow nothing else on his small patch of grey matter. He has now taken to an irrigation of soda-water, and the 'buses are bearing the advertisement of his productions. It might be well if this gentleman uprooted his whiskers, and manured for a crop of something different.

We have a "Successor" to Dickens in a very milkery-watery writer, who is about as much like a "Successor" to Dickens as I am. We have any quantity of ill-read persons who are annually delivered of one book, or perhaps two. These books, like ricketty children, perish quite naturally at an early date after birth. The pity is, that so much good ink, paper, binding, printing and honest labour should be wasted on such cripples.

Finally, dearest reader (if you exist—and desire to be a novelist) get a seedsman's catalogue and study it. From it you can cull the names of flowers you never knew, and which no one else ever wants to know. When your ideas for a novel fail, as I expect they will—fling down a list of what is in bloom at the period of your story. You will very likely get all the flowers in wrong positions, but the poor, patient public will never know, because it always skips these bits. At a modest computation, you ought to get fifty pages (at least) out of this sort of padding. Next, you get the catalogue of an artists' colourman. You will there learn of hues with whose names you are unfamiliar. Put them all in. The public swallows anything. But, above all, do not forget the uses (for local, and sky colourings) of the great word purple. You get:—

Purple	Pale Purple.
Purpled	Pink Purple.
Purplish	Puce Purple (Victorian Era).
Em / En	Purpled (for verse only).

You may entirely disregard the fact that the sky does not contain any of these art shades. People love purple. Give people purple. In short, there is no reason why we should not all be fools together and write books. "Of the making of books" . . . . . but what did the eminent Hebrew say? Most of the present-day writers do not suffer from "weariness of spirit." Bah! what a mess it all is. The froth and scum at 6s. per volume: the true vintages for a few coppers. What a great nation we are!

UNCOMMON COMMON COMPLAINTS.—IV.

By G. G. WOODWARD.

FLEABITIS.

This is a skin disease, and must not be confused with another complaint having the same pronunciation but different orthography.—

The attacks usually occur at night; the patient becomes hot and feverish, and if the disease is not checked, red spots appear on the skin.

The complaint has many anomalies. For instance, although bed is the standing remedy (if it can be called such) for nearly all illnesses, it is in this case the one place above all others where it is usually caught. Then, too, the act of catching this complaint is practically to end the patient's sufferings.

When once the disease has been properly located, its career can be promptly stopped by quickly bringing together the two thumb-nails, a sharp click indicating the success of the operation.

Although intensely irritating, the disease has never been known to have a fatal termination, at any rate, to the sufferer. In severe cases powders prepared by a Mr. Keating are considered efficacious, but they must not be taken inwardly.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

To C. F. G. Masterman, Esq., M.P., Under Secretary of State, Home Department.

MY DEAR MASTERMAN,—I am afraid office has spoilt you. But from the time you entered the House it was apparent that you would never be happy till you got it.

But it is about this Akbar Reformatory School matter that I want a word with you. I am not going to reopen the enquiry. Had I been in the House when my good friend Atherley-Jones moved the adjournment to call attention to your Report, I should have given you an uncomfortable half-hour—but let that pass. There is still the Home Office Vote to come up for discussion.

What I want now to do is to protest against your rather "small" method of conducting an enquiry due, and due alone, to my initiative. The great thing, apparently, was to belittle my journal. Thus, you give primary credit for the enquiry to "various Members of Parliament" who had written to the Home Office respecting the management of the school—but you do not give any names. Then you are good enough to refer to "An article published in JOHN BULL, making charges of a grave and sensational character." Last week I compared my "grave and sensational" allegations with your own findings, and I claimed, as I think I was entitled to claim, that in every material respect they had been justified. But what I do protest against is the fact that, whenever there is any apparent discrepancy between the evidence obtained by you from my informants and the story I published, you have not the decency (I won't say, in *Daily News* language, the brotherly love) to make it clear that the original testimony of the witnesses was absolutely in accordance with my published version; and that you had preferred to base your Report upon a qualified recantation, extracted under terror, rather than upon the deliberate revelations made voluntarily in the interests of the boys at the school.

Let me take an instance. You are dealing with the charge that "more than once in recent months death had followed caning for malingering, when the boys were actually ill," and you say that for this, "the most serious of the charges," you could "find no attempt at justification." You knew that the charge was founded on a statement supplied to me by Mr. Adam, the late schoolmaster of the reformatory; and so you add, "Mr. Adam himself repudiated this charge, saying, 'I don't say that everything in that article in JOHN BULL is correct. *That is a bit of journalism, I suppose.* . . . I have got too much sense to put down a thing like that.'" And there you left it. "One for JOHN BULL," you thought, no doubt. *And all the time you knew that I had a statement, dated November 3rd last, signed by Adam, in which he says,* "BROOKS' AND BROWN'S DEATHS I HAVE MAINTAINED ALL ALONG WERE NOTHING ELSE BUT MURDER, AND THE OTHER TWO DEATHS WERE BROUGHT ABOUT BY GROSS CARELESSNESS AND MISMANAGEMENT."

And here is another specimen of the value of your Report. On page 19 you say, "It is also asserted that after the canings most of the boys have to be medically treated or have their wounds dressed in hospital. *I could find no boy who had been medically treated after the canings.*" Couldn't you, really? Then you must be suffering from an impediment in your veracity, or a kink in your brain. For on page 7 of the Report you say, "It was freely acknowledged that the full punishment, with the birch, of 18 strokes, or in most cases anything over eight strokes with the cane, would result in the cutting of the skin AND THE NECESSITY FOR SUBSEQUENT ANTISEPTIC DRESSING. . . . ANTISEPTIC DRESSINGS WERE ALWAYS APPLIED IN ORDER TO PREVENT POISONING."

One word more. You know that I applied for permission to attend the enquiry—and you know that my request was refused. In all these circumstances, I am bound to say that, in a long experience of official enquiries, I have never known such clumsiness and partisanship evinced in the drawing up of a State document—and that I cannot resist the conclusion that you entered upon your enquiry more intent upon discrediting a fellow Member and an independent journalist than upon bringing to book the heartless and inhuman brutes whose barbarities upon helpless boys I had ventured, and shall continue, to expose.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Gerald Balfour, P.C., Carlton Club, London.

DEAR GERALD,—I have read with a great deal of interest the announcement that you have relinquished the pension of £1,200 a year which you have enjoyed since 1905. As a pension of this sort is based on the assumption that the recipient would be embarrassed in his status without it, I trust I may congratulate you on having arrived at a better condition of fortune. The motive which has inspired you in this matter is, I am sure, one of high conscientiousness.

I am quite of opinion, my dear Gerald, that a Minister who serves the State with ability through a course of years is at least as much entitled to a superannuation allowance as a policeman or a Customs officer. Unfortunately, our party system brings into the Government of the day a certain proportion of men who are either out-and-out duffers or are tremendously over-rated; and I confess it does seem a reckless waste of public funds first to put in office a man not worth his salary, and then to make him a handsome present because one day he finds himself out of work. *Entre nous*, one of the most inconspicuous successes in office was the present Viscount Cross, the Sir Richard Cross of lang syne. That venerable peer has now drawn by way of pension a total sum of £34,760, and this apart from the fact that for many years his official salary was £5,000 a year. Then there is Lord George Hamilton, another ex-Secretary of State, who has received in pension over £18,000. And there are others.

I mention these things merely to illustrate the persistent gratitude of the State for invisible national service. My respectful regards to Lady Betty, whom I remember as a most popular and ingenious electioneerer.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir G. L. Gomme, Clerk, London County Council.

MR. CLERK,—I suppose it is the Parks and Open Spaces Committee who are responsible for the prohibition of the playing of the Southwark Borough Prize Band in Brockwell Park on Sunday mornings—apparently because a certain church has complained that the music disturbs its services. It would be interesting to know on what view of their duty the Committee have destroyed the pleasure of hundreds of people assembled in a public park, maintained out of public funds, in order to placate the super-sensitiveness of a handful of people assembled in a church at least 800 yards away.

However heterodox the view, the Parks and Open Spaces Committee (if indeed this business *is* their doing) have no right to forget that there are thousands of people who hold that anything which tends to help people to physical and moral betterment is divine service, and in this sense men and women who assemble on a Sunday morning in the free fresh air of a public park and listen to good music are holding divine service not less than those assembled in a building. When the churches can claim a monopoly of right and clean living, of humanity and brotherhood, or of that great Christian ethic of the Everlasting Hill, then it will be time to shut up all the parks and prohibit all the bands and all the concerts on Sundays, and drive the population into churches by divisions of police and regiments of soldiers. Until then, it should be the business of Parks and Open Spaces Committees to do everything possible to widen, instead of narrow, the means by which the British Sundays may be made enjoyable, recuperative, and morally beneficial.

JOHN BULL.

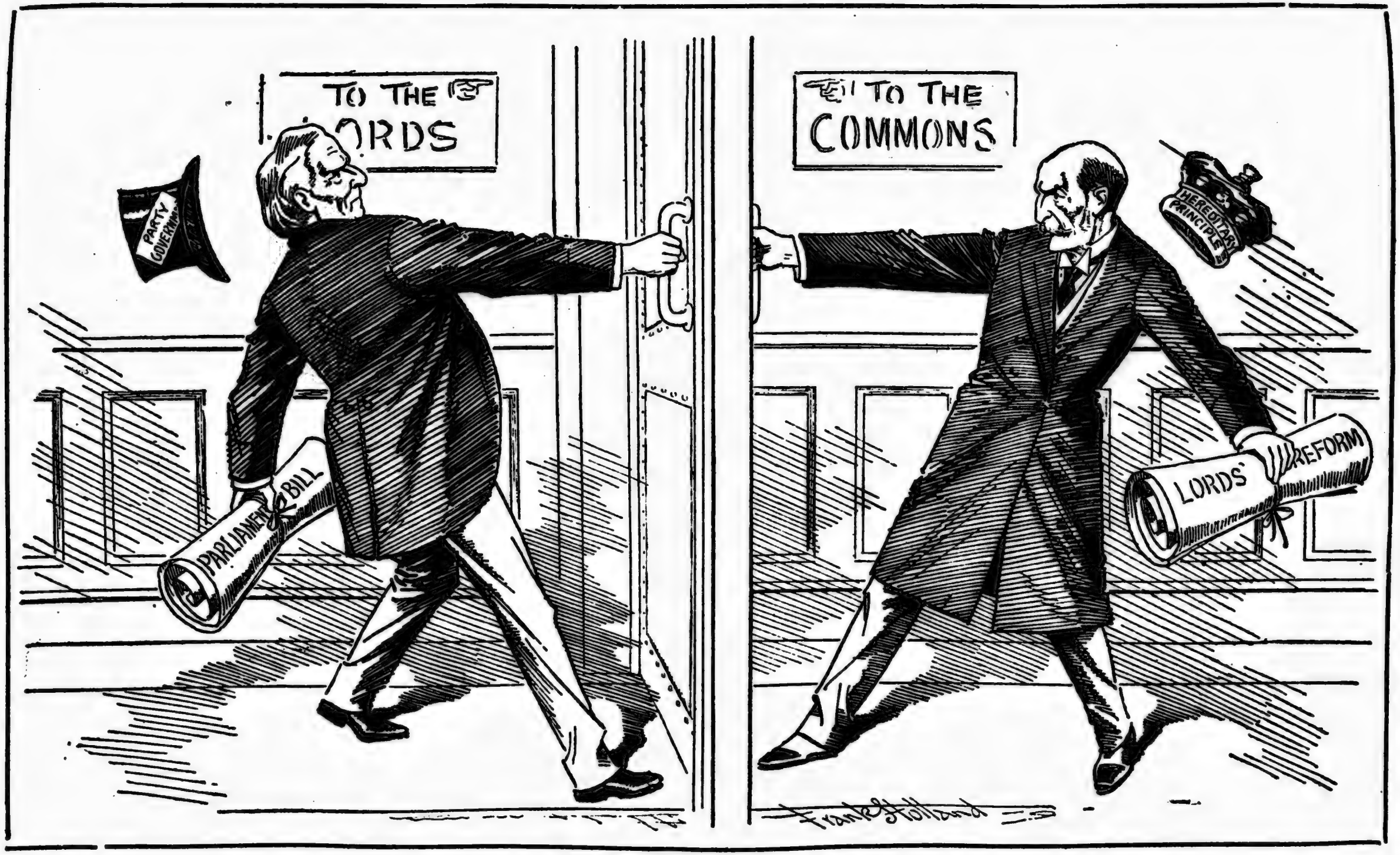
To Councillor Salter, Chairman, Education Committee, Tipton.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—It does not appear to me that the manner in which the proceedings of the Education Committee of Tipton have been recently conducted is at all creditable to its members, as a body. One expects rather more in the way of education from an Education Committee than from a bear garden, but, for some reason or other, members appear to be now out of hand. They indulge themselves in a licence of expression and manners which must certainly bring them into contempt. The last meeting of the Committee, sir, was a series of most discreditable scenes; and I am bound to say that your own aggressiveness in the chair did not contribute anything to the orderly progress of business.

You will permit me to say that I can see no stimulus to education in the spectacle of personal abuse and verbal rowdyism. If you have no respect for yourselves, it is not possible that your officials, your teachers, and your scholars, leaving the parents of the pupils out of the question, can have any respect for you.

JOHN BULL.

THE DEADLOCK.



THE POLITICAL TUG-OF-WAR.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

With the prospect of very cheap money—as explained elsewhere—the outlook on the Stock Exchange is distinctly brighter, and, despite the recent financial trouble on the Paris Bourse, I look for a sharp upward movement in *Kaffirs*, and especially in *Rhodesians*. My favourites, *Brighton "A"* and *Dover "A,"* have become very firm again. I also hold a favourable view of *Great Central* Preference (which will benefit from the new coalfield in South Yorkshire), *Great Northern* Deferred, and *Great Eastern* Ordinary, the so-called "Triple Alliance." My further advice is to stick to *Canadian Pacifics, Mexican Rails, Rubbers* and *Oils*, but to leave Yankees alone. Some of my readers have done exceedingly well in *Colchester Brewery*, by buying the Preference from 3¼ upwards—now 4—and the Ordinary from 12s. 6d. upwards—now 20s. Of the latter there is very little stock in the market, and any further demand will put the price up to 25s. Even that is cheap enough for a £5 share.

The Inwardness of the Rise in Consols.

There has been growing strength in *Consols*, and consequently in other gilt-edged stocks, the true reason for which is that banks have completely ceased selling these securities, as they are realising what, of course, is gradually also filtering through to the public, that this will be a year of exceptionally cheap money. There is now two millions sterling in gold on the way from Brazil to this country, and more may be coming. Moreover, the Indian Government is about to increase the fiduciary portion of the note circulation, which would mean purchase of gilt-edged securities, and possibly release of gold ear-marked for Indian account. The Cape gold, moreover, is reaching the Bank regularly now. In these circumstances, the Bank rate will no doubt be reduced to 3 per cent. in the near future. The rise which has taken place in the present year is already considerable, as will be seen from the following table :—

	1910. Lowest.	1910. Highest.	1911. Lowest.	Present Quotations
Consols (a.c)	78⅛	83⅛	79⅛	81 3-16 xd
Irish 2½ per cent.	76½	81½	77½	83½
Transvaal 3 per cent. ..	91½	95½	93½	95
India 3 per cent.	79½	85½	82½	83½ xd.
L.C.C. 3½ per cent. ..	98½	101½	100½	101 xd.
Bristol 3½ per cent. ..	97	101½	97	98
Sheffield 3½ per cent. ..	96½	100½	96½	99
Metropolitan Water Board	83½	89	85½	86½
Cape 3 per cent.	85½	88½	84½	86½
Canada 3½ per cent. ..	98½	101½	100½	101
New South Wales 3 per cent.	85	89½	86½	88½
Western Australian 3½ p. c.	95½	98½	96½	97½
Johannesburg 4 per cent. ..	98½	101½	99½	100

The above, generally, have yet to appreciate substantially, even if only to reach the highest points touched last year, while, as compared with the level ruling a few years back, there is still greater disparity. There is every reason to anticipate a steady improvement in quotations, always barring, however, any unforeseen developments in Home and Foreign politics. From the point of view of yield, *Home Corporation stocks* generally are worthy of attention, although the narrowness of their market makes quotations more or less nominal. *Colonial Government bonds* are more or less active, and, therefore preferable, when a freer market is a consideration.

Rubber Market Strongly Supported—Some Cheap Shares to Buy.

There is no longer any doubt that the strong combination which is enabling the producers of *Para Rubber* to hold back supplies is possessed of ample means, and is, in fact, countenanced by the Brazilian Government, with a view to maintaining good prices for the commodity. Hence fine hard Para is quoted 7s. 1d. *Linggis* are considerably above the lowest at 52s., *Tallumbrosa* at 40s. 3d., *Anglo-Malay* at 25s. As in the circumstances the Rubber Market has evidently a new lease of life, and higher prices will be maintained, I have looked about for some promising low-priced shares likely to rise to a higher level. Amongst these I have already drawn attention to *David Young Shares* (*British Guiana*). which company is now producing, further tapping going on. They have now improved to 3s. 3d., and are likely to further advance. Then there is *Jequie Syndicate*, which have improved to 4s. to 4s. 3d., and *West Jequie*, which are up at 2s. 6d. As I stated last week, the *Jequie* is expected to produce from 60,000 to 100,000 lbs. of rubber this season, and the *West Jequie* 30,000 to 40,000 lbs. *Sampang* (*Java*) has now firmed up to 2s. 9d. to 3s., and this is also a company which is doing well. I should, however, also like to draw special attention to *Island (Para) Rubber Estates*. This company was floated in July last year, with a capital of £70,000 in 2s. shares, of which 400,000 are issued. The company acquired a large freehold estate of some 4,000 acres, and entered into possession on January 2nd. The first consignment of rubber, 2,600 lbs., was to be despatched by steamer due to sail from Para on the 17th ult., and regular steamer shipments should now follow, as the company anticipate an output of close upon fifty tons for this year. A contract has been entered into for the sale of 30,000 lbs. at 9s., which should bring nearly £10,000 profit. The remaining output should realise at the present price of, say, 7s., at least £10,000 more. It is in these low-priced shares of substantial companies that good profits can be made. The price of the share is 2s. to 2s. 6d. I have received several inquiries with regard to *Boinsu*, a Gold Coast company, the 5s. shares in which stand at 2s. Having made some inquiries, I find that the company has about £35,000 in cash, and that it has done a good deal of work. The rubber produced should show a large profit at current prices, and it is also making good profits by sales of timber, this being the finest mahogany district of the world. The 5s. fully paid shares of the Ceylon Consolidated Rubber Estates, at the present figure of about 3s. 3d., are distinctly attractive. Interest at 5 per cent. is guaranteed, and when tapping commences substantial dividends appear assured. The area is 1,350 acres reported to be among the best of the Ceylon planting districts, and the management is in capable hands. The capital is £80,000, of which which no less than £32,000 is cash. The shares at present are overlooked and underpriced, more especially as last year they at one time stood at 8s.

Oils Preparing for a Fresh Move—Mr. George Tweedy Demonstrates the Value of Black Seas.

Although the activity of other markets has rather kept Oil shares in check, all the indications go to show that the market is preparing for a fresh move. It is certainly necessary to have good conditions if the numerous new flotations now on the board are to be well launched. I am still of opinion that, as far as existing companies are concerned, the best opportunities are to be found in the Maikop group. The value of this field was demonstrated in the most striking fashion by Mr. George Tweedy at last week's meeting of the *Black Sea Oilfields*, and there can be no doubt that the Ordinary shares at 21s. 6d. are one of the best purchases amongst all. A good word should also be given to *Anglo-Maikop*, at ¾ premium, while the new company, the *Maikop Victory*, is quoted at 1-16 premium The steadiness of *General Oil and Finance* at nearly par has also been noteworthly, and these shares will stand at a distinctly higher level as soon as the new subsidiaries are launched. Barring unforeseen accidents, the Corporation should have issued three such companies before the middle of April! The *Shell* group has quieted down, and there is a shrewd suspicion that the *Shell Transport*, in view of the *Magadi Soda* failure, were not taking any risks of a similar rebuff in connection with the *Gemsah Oil* property. *Spies* are a good spot at 32s., in view of the sharp rise in crude oil.

Kaffirs Steadier—A Promising Rhodesian Selection—A Jungle Revival?—A Low-Priced Speculation.

There is every prospect that Kaffirs will now take a well-deserved turn for the better. I have also reason to think that a fresh upward movement is impending in Rhodesians, and those who wish to get in on the ground-floor cannot do better than lay in some *Rhodesia Exploration* at 2 9-16, *Falcons* at 1 15-16, *Eldorados* at 3⅜, *Thistle-Etna* at 1¼, or *Amalgamated Props.* at 7s. 9d. The gold mines are making excellent progress, notably the *Eldorado*, while there are all the elements preparing for a land boom in Rhodesia. West Africans have experienced a little revival, but it remains to be seen whether this will prove anything more than a flash in the pan. If the movement holds, *Prestea Block A*, at 33s., will doubtless lead the rise. Westralians are not flourishing, as the borehole discoveries in the *Great Boulder* and *Ivanhoe* at depth have still to be proved by further development. *Bullfinch Props.* have fluctuated sharply, and the market has been chilled by a persistent report that the strike on the adjoining *Bullfinch Main Lode* is by no means as valuable as first reported. Anyone wanting a really low-priced gamble might direct his attention to *Tasman and Crown Lyell Extended* shares of 6s. each at the rubbish price of 9d. Development is reported in a forward state, and the company is selling the ore to the *Mount Lyell Mining and Railway Company*, which after an inspection of the mine, are laying a tramway at their own expense, this showing that a favourable view is being taken in these quarters of the prospects. A concentrating plant has been ordered and it is understood that production is in progress at the present time. The company's area is 226 acres.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—R. C. (Levenshulme).—There is no question that the closing of the doors was a premature step, but the trusteeship is in good hands, and you may rely upon everything possible being saved out of the wreck.

EGYPTIAN MINES EXPLORATION.—G. H. A. W.—This concern does not seem to be now in existence. At any rate, it does not appear in the latest book of reference.

BALCOMO TIN MINES.—H. E. D.—You are quite right. The office is at Cross Keys House, Moorgate Street, E.C. You had better write to the Secretary for a preliminary prospectus.

CANADAS, ETC.—GERARD.—Yes, Canadian Pacifics may be looked upon as a steadily improving holding. As regards the Telegraph stock in question, I cannot trace it from the meagre details which you give.

FREDERICK SAGE.—E. R. G.—The past history of the company has not been an inspiring one, and it is impossible to tell how an industrial concern is likely to do in the future. Much, of course, depends upon the management. The shares are quoted at the nominal price of 1-16 to 3-16, which does not augur well for the prospects.

MEXICAN MINING CONCERN.—MEXICAN BOY.—No catch; you can do much better in, for instance, sound Kaffir mines.

6 PER CENT. INVESTMENT.—SON OF NEPTUNE.—There is a good deal in what you say, but you cannot get a perfectly safe investment to yield anything like 6 per cent. per annum—about 3½ is the limit. You can get the desired rate in certain Canadian securities, and if this would suit you please let me know, and I will make up a suitable list for you.

MISCELLANEOUS.—AKON.—(1) Black Sea Ordinary are the better holding of the two. (2) The transfer might be advisable, and you should also devote some attention to Colchester Brewery Ordinary at 1. (3) Grammaphone shares are quite high enough, considering the hazardous nature of the business and the possibility of some new invention making present designs obsolete.

SMALL BANK.—G. G. G.—Safe as far as I am aware, but I should prefer dealing with one of the big institutions.

INDUSTRIALS.—(1) I do not care for the concern mentioned, but I do not see how you can expect to get your money back. You cannot hope to play the game of "heads I win, tails you lose." (2) No catch. (3) Fair industrial holding, but little margin for capital appreciation. NEMO.—The directors' report shows that the concern is merely marking time. There is no market for the shares, and a sale would have to be a matter of negotiation. If you can realise, do so, and reinvest in something more progressive.

CHILIANS, ETC.—TIARA N'CHU; G. M. JOY.—(1) Chilians are a good investment; most of the new loans are for reproductive purposes. (2) Home Rails still, especially on reactions.

HARMONY PROPS.—BUTLER.—These shares should improve when the railway to the property is finished, but that will not be until some time next year. It is, therefore, not advisable to buy more yet.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.—IGNORAMUS.—Both stocks are good holdings, and you need have no fear about the Western Australian 3½ per cent. bonds. The fact that they take rank amongst gilt-edged securities is sufficient answer to your query.

£50 FOR SPECULATION.—B. F. (Bilston).—Put this money into Jequie, West Jequie, and David Young.

VARIOUS.—S. H.—I do not care much for the selection in question. The following would be distinctly preferable:—General Oil and Finance, Black Sea Oilfields, Jequie, and West Jequie.

FOREIGN INVESTMENT.—A. P. W.; DOUBTFUL G.—You must yourself decide whether to go into this investment. It is, of course, speculative, but there are considerable possibilities. G. H. T. (Lincs).—Same reply. I do not think you could sell the certificate at present.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—T. B. M.—No, I do not recommend speculating through the Anglo-American Investment Trust, of 212, Shaftesbury Avenue, and you cannot be so foolish as to think that you would be certain of a profit. JIM CROW.—Obviously, there is great risk in dealing with the concern mentioned, and you had better keep your money in your pocket. C. R. (Derbyshire).—I never recommend individual outside stockbrokers. As regards the one mentioned by you, I have had no complaints, but you can, of course, lose as easily as you can win. MRS. W. A.—If you were dealing with a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, you would be credited the 2½ per cent. dividend, but I do not know what the outside brokers in question do. They certainly ought not to run you off for that. A. G. (Birmingham).—I have had no complaints, but you can lose as easily as you can win on their system. STILTON.—(1) There is obviously some risk, and you could not call this a safe investment. (2) I have had no complaints so far, but, of course, profits are not guaranteed. FASTINA LENTE.—I do not recommend any of the outside brokers mentioned by you—1, 2, and 3, but I send what you ask under No. 4 COLLEGE ROAD, ROTHERHAM.—I do not recommend dealing with this Queen Victoria Street concern. You should do business only with members of the Stock Exchange. A. J. C.—No, I do not recommend speculating through the London and British Stock and Share Corporation, Crown Buildings, 70, Queen Street, London. LEIGH HEAD.—Having underwritten this company, your friend will have to take up his proportion of the shares. (2) A fair enterprise, although speculative. (3) Probably, eventually. You must not believe everything you read in the gutter-rags. WINDMILL.—It is evident that the firm owe you the money for profits made on these shares, and if they do not pay you, your only way will be to employ a solicitor. S. A. M.—You must surely have received further documents from these people. As far as I can see, you have a fair profit to take, and you should insist upon payment. W. E. B.—It seems to me that there is a misunderstanding in this matter, as the wording of your wire lends itself to that. You had better ask again for the profit due to you. G. S.—All outside concerns, some of which are of a very doubtful type, and run by such organs for their own purposes. Deal only with members of the Stock Exchange, or else you will burn your fingers.

FOREIGN PREMIUM BONDS.—A. L. P.—I am sending you the name of a London firm of foreign bankers, who make a speciality of Premium Bonds, and who will be pleased to advise you for a small fee. BULLPUP.—(1) No, I should not deal through this foreign concern in Premium Bonds. (2) Outsiders, but respectable. (3) I must refer you to my article with regard to buying Home Rails. What you require has been forwarded. M. F. (Canonbury Square).—I send you the name of a London firm of foreign bankers, dealing in Premium Bonds, who will be able to advise you. E. F. (Bengal).—The firm in question always charge far above market value, and cannot be relied upon. I send what you require.

BULGARIAN 6 PER CENT.—NOVICE.—So far, the interest has been regularly paid, but the fact that the stock gives a comparatively high yield shows that it is of a semi-speculative character. Any trouble in the Balkans would, obviously, at once react upon the quotation.

CALCUTTA SWEEPSTAKE.—C. J. B. (East Ham).—You would have to communicate with the Secretary of the Turf Club, Calcutta. The price of the tickets is 15 rupees, which you would have to forward.

RUBBER SHARES.—F. D.—(1) Yes, write at once to the company. (2) These rubber shares are likely to improve, but do not buy any more. B. S. M.—I do not care for Merlimau, especially in view of the disappointing directors' report. Nor do I think much of the other share. You cannot do better than buy, for instance, Jequie, West Jequie, David Young, or Island Para, which are the pick of the bunch in the low-priced division. L. J. P.—The firm in question is quite respectable. Instead of the rubber shares referred to, see the list mentioned to "B. S. M." above. Also see article on rubber shares in this issue. S. A. B.—I cannot do better than recommend you the same shares as to "B. S. M." above. J. A. P.—(1) Deal only with members of the Stock Exchange. (2) Ditto. (3) Sampang Javas have been launched under highly respectable auspices, and are very promising amongst the coming low-priced division. (4) Jequie and West Jequie. FRANK (Dublin).—There is very little market for these shares now, and you should, if possible, realise the same, and go into the more promising descriptions recommended to other inquirers. ANXIOUS.—These attacks are evidently made by certain people who have their own axes to grind. The company is now in a better position, and you should keep your shares, which, in time, should reach a higher level. ALSO RAN.—(1) These shares gave way with other rubbers; no option but to hold. (2) I do not think much of this concern. Jequie and West Jequie should give you an opportunity of retrieving your fortunes.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—G. D. J.—I do not think that Kaffirs and Rhodesians will go lower now, and the present seems to be a good time for making purchases here. The following would be a good selection:—Randfontein Central, Wolhuter, Rhodesia Exploration, Eldorado Bankets, Falcon, Thistle Etna, and Cam and Motor. Also see remarks in my article this week.

EDISON AND SWAN A.—A. E. D.—The company is stated to be doing much better now, but the shares are obviously a highly speculative holding. A purchase might yield fair results, especially if made on a reaction, but do not go in for too many of one particular speculative share.

SOME HUNDREDS TO INVEST.—WESTERN.—(1) This has been forwarded to you. (2) Put the money into Home Rails: I give further useful hints regarding this market in the present issue. (3) Deal only with members of the Stock Exchange.

FUSION MENDED METALS.—JOHN BULLESS.—This seems to be a private concern, and no information is available. You must please yourself in the matter. There is no market for the shares.

OILS.—BITTEN.—New Zealand Oilfields (1) should come right eventually, but it is a question of holding. I am much more doubtful as regards No. 2. NEW ZEALAND.—These oil shares have declined in consequence of the prolonged depression in that market. The property has considerable possibilities, and you had better hold for a recovery.

OLD AGE PENSIONER.—A. G.—That would certainly disqualify you.

DORMANT MINES.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.—I would not give much for your chances of selling any of your shares in these British Columbian mines, which are either dormant or altogether dead. There is no information available about any of them.

BANK COLLAPSE.—A VICTIM.—The matter is in the hands of the Official Receiver, who will no doubt duly investigate it. I am sorry I cannot help you.

MOUNT LYELLS.—TARBY.—This company has a good record, and will probably continue to pay fairly substantial dividends. Much, however, depends upon the course of metals, especially copper. There are also the usual mining risks to be taken into consideration, so that the investment cannot be called a "safe" one.

£1,000 INVESTMENT.—D. McF.—You should certainly invest the money, and you can do so to better advantage by instructing a broker direct. Gilt-edged securities, and Colonial Government bonds in particular, should meet your case, and you will gain some useful hints from a special article upon the subject in the present issue.

INVESTMENTS.—ANGLO.—(1) Paisley Corporation stock is all right, but the market for such securities is a narrow one. (2) The fall in Buenos Ayres Provincial 3 per Cent. will show you the character of these bonds, which must be considered a speculative holding. (3) Same reply, more or less, as to No. 1. (4) It is said that Canadian Pacifics are going to about 240 this year, so you can please yourself. You will also be well advised to consult the little article on gilt-edged investments elsewhere.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

In our issue of December 24, 1910, we told a correspondent that we did not recommend the Excelsior Insurance Co. We have now received a letter from the general manager of the Excelsior Life Insurance Co., of Toronto, protesting against our remark, and in order to satisfy us of its injustice, he sends us for our perusal a copy of the report of the Commissioner of the Country for Insurance, and a report of the Supt. of Insurance, both of which speak very highly of the Toronto company. We have assured Mr. Marshall that we are fully alive to the respectability and the soundness of his company, and that our reference was not intended for it.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—R. E. (Portsmouth).—We should prefer a company of older standing.

THE LEGAL INSURANCE CO.—L. R. (Worthing).—We are inclined to think so. It is a young company, established in 1907.

NATIONAL BRITISH INSURANCE CO.—IGNORAMUS.—(1) No. (2) If you hold shares that are not fully paid, you must, of course, meet any call that may be made. (3) You can obtain the names of the shareholders from the office upon payment of a small fee.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO.—M. A. P. (Croydon).—The answer is in the affirmative.

UNITED KINGDOM COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SOCIETY.—COMMERCIAL (Edinburgh).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should do so.

UNIVERSAL INSURANCE CO.—A. B. C. (Chesterfield).—Mr. Taunton's letter explains the position. An arrangement has been entered into between the Universal Company and the Royal Liver, and the latter has arranged to take over a certain portion of the business of the former. The condition of taking it over is as explained by Mr. Taunton.

OMNIUM INSURANCE CO.—JACK (Poole).—We do not think that the one objection you mention would be decisive.

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD.—C. W. E. (Belmont).—We agree it does seem very hard that your friend who, as you say, has been insured in this company for more than 30 years, is very healthy, and has only had one accident during the whole period of his insurance, should be told that the company cannot invite him to renew his policy, which has just expired. But then he is 74 years of age, and it is for the company to say whether they will continue to insure him or not.

VALUE OF SHARES.—QUERIST (Leicester).—We think they represent a fair investment.

THE KING INSURANCE CO.—E. C. (Sidcup).—We have to say that it is not.

ENFORCEMENT OF CLAIM.—R. A. B. (Manchester).—Your claim would seem to me enforcible, but we are afraid neither the company primarily responsible, nor its guarantor is good for money.

"THE MYSTERY OF 'SHAKESPEARE.'"—II.

AN ILLUMINATION.

By Stanley Withers.

There are two well-recognised methods of obscuring the truth of an issue—the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*—and both these methods are freely made use of in Mr. Read's article on "The Mystery of 'Shakespeare.'" The pseudo-judicial tone, with its air of studied moderation, is well calculated to mislead the unwary and create the impression that here is the whole truth, instead of that greatest of literary mendacities, a half-truth.

Let us look at the other side of the evidence. Mr. Read finds that "neither is any answer necessary to prove that William Shakespeare of Stratford did not, and could not," have written his own works—which means that some other person, and not William Shakespeare, the actor, wrote them.

Above the grave of Shakespeare in Stratford Church and under the bust are the lines engraved :—

> " . . . . Shakespeare with whom
> Quick Nature died ; whose name doth deck ye tomb
> Far more than cost ; sith all that he hath writ
> Leaves living art but page to serve his wit."

Pretty good evidence this of the commemoration of a great *writer*, and not of a mere actor. Again in his will the only professional friends named are his "fellows," John Heminge, Richard Burbage and Henry Condell, to each of whom he leaves a legacy, and a further small sum, presumably to buy memorial rings. Burbage was the Irving of his day, who created the immortal tragic parts in his plays, and Heminge and Condell were the two loyal friends who collected and edited the First Folio, a monument of friendship and of unliterary editing. In the invaluable introductory pages of this folio appears a list of the leading actors who performed in the plays, the first of which is the name of Shakespeare. This, to say the least of it, is a curious coincidence, and when we look closer and read the introductory lines of his friend and life-long rival, Ben Jonson, one of the most sturdy and incorruptible of men, what do we make of this evidence of the poet's identity with the Warwickshire town ?

> " Soul of the age !
> The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
> My Shakespeare, rise . . . .
> *Sweet Swan of Avon !* what a sight it were
> To see thee in our waters yet appear,
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
> That so did take Eliza and our James ! "

This reference to the Sweet Swan of Avon needs some little "explaining away."

If further contemporary evidence of the most unassailable quality were needed to identify the Stratford Shakespeare with the writer of the plays, there are the verses of Leonard Digges written in 1623, "To the Memorie of the deceased Author, Maister W. Shakespeare," which contain the lines :

> " When that stone is rent
> And Time dissolve that Stratford Monument."

One might also quote the verses of Sir William Davenant, his contemporary, which refer to the poet's feet having "trod the Banks of Avon," but it is utterly futile to add fresh proof to what is irrefragable.

The undisputed assumption that Shakespeare pilloried Sir Thomas Lucy in two of his plays, as Mr. Justice Shallow, "bearing three Lucys rampant for his arms," is pretty good internal evidence of the Stratford tradition to which Mr. Read refers, and of itself alone should give the objectors pause.

Your contributor's line of argument throughout is the very treacherous one of *non possumus*. Because Stratford was an undesirable place of abode, from the sanitary point of view, in the sixteenth century, no poet could possibly have been born there ! Genius must be born somewhere, and small country towns were all filthy and noisome at that period and for long after. One wonders if the writer is familiar with the annals of the Palace of the Louvre, and is aware that up to a hundred years ago every market-cart bringing produce into the Prussian capital was obliged to return with a load of filth from its streets. Middens and cesspools were by no means the monopoly of English midland towns even in the eighteenth century.

The Spelling Argument.

The references to Shakespeare's various spelling of his name in the five authentic signatures preserved is equally misleading. When we know that Queen Elizabeth spelt her name in seventeen different ways on State documents, new light is thrown upon the fluidity of orthography, which was not a sign of "illiteracy" in the sixteenth century. The further fact that Shakespeare wrote the Old English script of Chaucer only goes to prove that he had not received his training at the Universities where the new Italian script was taught. The grammar school education of that day included Latin, and when Ben Jonson spoke of Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek" it need not be taken to mean that he had no knowledge whatever of the learned tongue. I dissent altogether from the assumption that the poems and plays "display vast learning." They display a great deal of "love," which is quite a different thing, and a very intimate acquaintance with a number of well-known translations of books, like Ovid, and Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," which were open to any reader of English. A comparison with Long's translation of "Plutarch's Lives" will show your readers whence Shakespeare got his Roman plays. In "Julius Cæsar" and "Anthony and Cleopatra" many passages of Long are taken verbatim, and cast into metre. Some slight knowledge of French and Italian he must have had, and this could easily have been acquired in London from the company he kept, even if he had been a youth of moderate intelligence only. The theatre in that day was the very pivot and centre round which ideas revolved. Browning said that Italy was his university : in this sense London was Shakespeare's. "Many were the wit-combats," wrote Thomas Fuller, years after Shakespeare's death, "between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-o'-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in performance. Shakespeare, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nothing in literature is more remarkable than the splendid development of Shakespeare's dramatic poems as shown from his early to his mature plays. The man was reacted upon by his environment, and especially by his close association with the wits and courtiers of his day. This was the great age of literary patrons. We know he won the friendship of the Earls of Pembroke and Southampton, the most brilliant figures of their day. It is true that nothing is known of him for the first six years of his life in London, except that he found employment in connection with the theatre. It was the theatre that gave him his opportunity, and those six years of apprenticeship were amongst the most tremendous in the annals of human endeavour, for the greatest genius of the modern world was forging his tools.

Contemporary Testimony.

There are some 300 to 400 references to Shakespeare by writers whose work synchronised with his own, and many of these refer to the "gentle" Shakespeare and give the impression of great sweetness of character, as well as nimbleness of wit. It is inconceivable that in his retirement, after the fretful fever of his strenuous life, he could have degenerated into the curmudgeon of your contributor's description. The traditions are all the other way. Rather would we think of him, despite his business keenness, as an embodiment of Prospero, the creation of his ripest wisdom, all benignity and serenity of character, the friend of children.

If Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon did not write the plays, then Ben Jonson, the most honest of men, who "loved him on this side idolatry," must have been privy to the greatest conspiracy of literary history, which is a thing unthinkable and absurd.

WHY NOT GET MARRIED NOW ?
HAVEN'T GOT THE HOME TOGETHER ?
That is easily remedied. See
"MRS. BULL,"
For particulars of a House of Furniture to be Given Away Free —Absolutely Free.

Fortune's Favourites

Are People we often read of, but, in reality, they do not exist. Within each of us lies the possibility of attaining all that we would reach. It is for us to exercise those potentialities. You, for instance, would like to make money. It is a perfectly natural desire, and it is within you to accomplish it. The Road to Fortune is through the experience of others.

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What does this show? That our clients are profiting by our experience to achieve success and fortune. They need our knowledge of Stocks and Shares. Even the many who do understand the markets are content to rest upon the operations of our Perfected System.

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An intimate knowledge of the trend of the markets, the insuperable advantage of exclusive inside information, and unerring judgment are behind our system. These are the factors for success in all the fields of enterprise. Our Unique System throws open to all, the one broad highway hitherto the privileged road of the wealthy. It is the way trodden by all the world's richest men.

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Why let the smallest sum lie idle when you know that by this particular system **£6** are making **£18** over and over again.

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READ HOW £6 CAN DOUBLE AND TREBLE ITSELF.

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Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly HALF-A-MILLION POUNDS TO CLIENTS.

J.B. 11/3/11.

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(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

ADDRESS IN FULL_____

DATE_____

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MR. MASTERMAN.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

By Walter Moore.

"Did you ever see a play called 'Whitewashing Julia'?" I asked the Under-Secretary for Home Affairs.

"No; why?"

"Thought perhaps you had—after reading your report on the Akbar Reformatory School."

"I suppose there's some subtle sneer concealed in your remark," he said, icily.

"Not at all—not at all," I hastened to say. "You are hypersensitive. But, speaking seriously, you are not a very good hand with the whitewash brush. You don't slap it on thick enough. So the result is a daub, quite Post-Impressionist in effect."

"What are you talking about?" snarled Mr. Masterman.

"Your amateurish attempt to whitewash Beuttler and Lovelock, of the Akbar Reformatory School."

"I made no such attempt," retorted Mr. Masterman, angrily. "I conducted my inquiry with an open mind."

"You have characterised the charges against the management of the school brought by John Bull as 'reckless and random.' What caused you to say the charges were 'reckless and random'?"

"The fact that they were brought by John Bull."

"I see. Here we may view the interesting phenomenon of an 'open mind' in operation. Do you still maintain that those charges were 'reckless and random'?"

"I do," replied Mr. Masterman, bluntly.

"Consistent man!" I cried admiringly. "One of those charges was that boys were muffled and gagged, then publicly caned and birched till blood was drawn. Was that true?"

"Well—er—yes, in a sense," responded Mr. Masterman.

"Also that on a certain occasion the boys were kept standing by their cots from 10 o'clock at night until 5 o'clock the next morning. Was that a fact?"

"There was a—er—considerable element of truth in it."

"Then it was stated that one of the disciplinary measures practised was to drench boys with pails of ice-cold water. Any truth in that?"

"A modicum."

"You found, in short, that there was a firm foundation of truth in *all* the charges brought by John Bull against the Akbar School authorities?"

"Admitted."

"And do you still maintain that those charges were 'reckless and random'?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"I have already told you. Because they were brought by John Bull," growled the Under-Secretary. "Don't you understand, it is necessary for the Government to belittle every statement published in John Bull?"

"For what reason?" I asked, wonderingly.

Mr. Masterman looked at me with pitying scorn.

"You are evidently no party politician," he said, "or you wouldn't ask such a foolish question."

"I'm afraid I'm rather like poor Thomas Leaf," I said, shamefacedly; "I haven't got much head. For I quite fail to see why an inquiry into a public scandal should be hindered, or its conclusions minimised, simply because attention was first drawn to it by an independent politician."

"The interests of party politics must be studied before everything else," declared Mr. Masterman.

"I see. Boys may be tortured and brutal school superintendents whitewashed, rather than it shall be said that an independent politician has proved his charges to the hilt."

"Exactly," was Mr. Masterman's reply. "Party first, and the rest nowhere. Take my change of attitude on the Right to Work Bill, for instance."

"Well, you must admit that one very gratifying result has been the outcome of the whole affair," I said.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Masterman.

"Why, another remarkable substantiation of the well-known claim that 'If you see it in John Bull, it *is* so.'"

"Yes, that's the worst part of it," muttered the Under-Secretary, pressing his hat down over his eyes, and stalking gloomily away.

ELECTIONS IN THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

A MEATH CONTEST IN 1826.

Apropos of Mr. Tim Healy's election petition, some of the evidence recalls the "model electioneering bill" which Sir Mark Somerville had presented to him by the proprietors of the Trim Hotel during a c ntested election at Meath in 1826. Sir Mark had given orders at the hotel to board and lodge all that should vote for him. His instructions were carried out to the letter, and the account printed below was duly tendered. Sir Mark had this unique document framed, and we believe it still hangs in Somerville House, Co. Meath.

My Bill.

To tenting 16 Freeholders above stairs for Sir Mark, at 3s. 3d. per head, is to me ..	£2	12	0
To eating 15 more below stairs, and two priests after supper, is to me..	2	15	9
To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night, at 13s. every one of them, and for a man which was lost on the head of watching them all night, is to me	5	5	0
To 6 beds in one room, and 4 in another, at 2 guineas every bed, and not more than 4 in any bed, at any time, cheap enough, God knows, is to me	22	15	0
For breakfast on Tay in the morning, for every one of them, and as many more as they brought in, as near as I can guess, is to me..	4	12	0
To Raw Whiskey and Punch, without talking of pipes and tobacco, as well as for breaking a pot above stairs, and other glasses and delph for the first day and night, I am not very sure, but for the 3 days and a half of the Election, as little as I can call it, and to be very exact, it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess, and not to be too particular, is to me at least	70	15	9
For shaving and cropping off the heads of 49 Freeholders for Sir Mark, at 13d. for every head of them, by my brother, who has a vote, is to me..	2	13	1
For a Womit and Nurse for poor Tom Karnon, in the middle of the night, when he he was not expected, is to me ten Hogs, I don't talk of the pipers for keeping him sober as long as he was sober, is to me ..			
	£110	8	7

Signed in the place of Jenny Car's wife, his mark, X.

Bryan and Geraghty's mark, X.

You may say £111, so your honour, Sir Mark send me this Eleven Hundred by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in Trim, so no more at present.

To H.M. the King

"Black & White" Whisky

Jas. Buchanan & Co., Ltd.,
Glasgow & London.

A "JOHN BULL" INVESTIGATION.

As a matter of interest and on behalf of its readers, "John Bull" has investigated the genuineness of these and hundreds of similar letters. As a result of these investigations "John Bull" guarantees these testimonials to be genuine and unsolicited.

Read now how doctors and nurses have proved the wonderful recuperative properties of Hall's Wine—the standard Wine Tonic.

No. 806.
"I have much pleasure in speaking of the benefit to be derived from Hall's Wine. I consider it one of the best tonics on the market. I recommend it freely in my practice and hear nothing but good results. In cases of Neurasthenia, Debility following Influenza, etc., it works wonders. I shall always go on recommending it. The old people you sent a bottle to say I am to tell you it was a perfect god-send, and worked miracles."

No. 811.
"I have been suffering from Sleeplessness and took Hall's Wine with most satisfactory results. I am now prescribing it both for Sleeplessness and as a pick-me-up."

No. 825.
"I am attending a patient who has been prescribed Hall's Wine after a serious illness, and her recovery is simply marvellous. I took three bottles myself, after Influenza, and it did me more good than anything else I had ever tried."

No. 823.
"I gave Hall's Wine to a patient who was suffering with severe acute Neuralgia. Its effect was immediate, much to her delight, and my gratification. I think it is a splendid tonic."

No 815.
"I consider Hall's Wine a most magnificent restorative, especially for weakness following Influenza. I have seen patients who seem to recover after taking the first glass. There is no doubt Hall's Wine is the best thing for weakness following illness of any description."

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"I have seen some of the best results from the use of Hall's Wine in cases of Nervous Breakdown, brought on by worry and mental strain of any description. I consider Hall's Wine is one of the best pick-me-ups known."

No. 852.
"After night duty I always suffer a great deal, and I think every nurse should have a bottle of Hall's Wine by her, to take as occasion offers."

No. 774.
"I find Hall's Wine very good indeed. I was very 'run down' and it quite set me up again. I shall be more than pleased to recommend itto my patients; in fact, I have already done so."

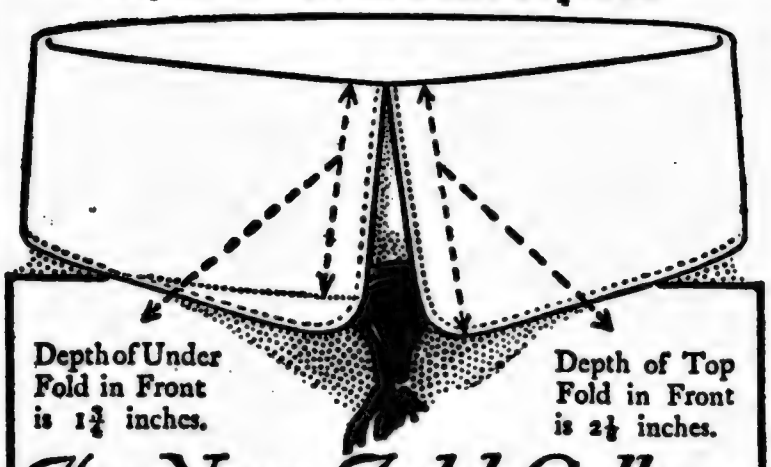
No. 798.
"I have long recommended Hall's Wine, with satisfactory results, in convalescence."

No. 808.
"I have had great faith in Hall's Wine for many years, and in my time have largely recommended it. An old lady in my house, who frequently gets 'under the mark' finds a bottle—or two at the most—of Hall's Wine, pulls her together better than the usual tonics—quinine, etc.—she used to take."

No. 750.
"I am frequently recommending Hall's Wine in my practice as I find it suits my patients, especially during the convalescent period after serious illness. The fact that I buy it for my own household is in itself a recommendation."

Hall's Wine sustains, nourishes, and invigorates. It furnishes nourishment for nerves, muscles, and brain. Neuralgia, sleeplessness, depression, and mental strain are banished by its use. Colds, chills, and influenza are avoided. Strength is increased and health is renewed.

Depth of Both Folds at Back is 1¾ inches.



The New Fold Collar

Summit 45 is our latest effort at producing a fold collar that will give all round satisfaction. ¶ Most men prefer a shallow collar, but many require a collar that is not too negligé in appearance. "Summit" 45 will give you what you want, combining a maximum amount of comfort with a smart business-like appearance.

QUARTER-SIZES. Four sizes to the inch from 14 to 18in
Sample collar with booklet post free 6½d. **6 *for* 3/-**
'Summit' Collars are made in Ireland.

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Four Shops:
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This Jacket makes for surer driving and all-round better play.

The "Golsport" is a jacket exactly to the mind of every golfer. It allows him that natural swing of the body unhampered by armhole "drag" when playing a "right through" stroke. It helps his game, obviously, and is not amiss for other forms of sport either. We have all sizes and fittings from 34 to 44 in. chest, and our scale of scientifically graded measurements enable us to fit any man whether tall, short or normal. It is made in well-woven Cheviot Tweeds, of which patterns are available on request. We return your money if not satisfied. Carriage Paid in British Isles.

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SELFRIDGE & Co., LTD.
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DR. COOK TELLS THE TRUTH.—XI.

THE REAL STORY OF HIS NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

(Exclusive for Great Britain to JOHN BULL.)

We commenced the publication of Dr. Cook's exciting narrative in our issue dated Dec. 31, and have, week by week, given his story of how he attained his ambition—the discovery of the Pole. This account of his almost superhuman struggles against the mighty forces of Nature we have printed in his own graphic language. His narrative does not appeal to the geographer alone; his earnest plea is made to mankind at large—not for the laurels to which the undisputed conqueror of the World of Ice is legitimately entitled—but for the verdict that, whether he achieved his life's object or no, he retains his right to the name of an honest man.

After giving Dr. Cook's stirring description of his ecstasy when, convinced by natural phenomena, he arrived at the firm belief that he had at length reached his goal; the reaction he experienced when retracing his steps; his account of the soul-destroying monotony of the Polar night, during which he hibernated with his Eskimos; the visions which his surroundings conjured up; his arrival, completely exhausted, at Annoatok and meeting with Mr. Harry Whitney, and his reasons for leaving with Mr. Whitney his instruments, etc., when starting for home, our last issue described the mixed reception his claim received at Upernivik and Umanak, at which latter place was given the first banquet in his honour.

At this point I wish to express my gratitude and appreciation of the universal courtesy of which I was the recipient at every Danish settlement in my southward progress along the coast of Greenland. With no official papers of any kind to introduce me, my kind Danish hosts treated me with the utmost cordiality.

At Eggedesminde Inspector Dagaurd-Jensen tried to secure an idle walrus schooner for me. By this I hoped to get to Labrador and thence to New York. This involved considerable official delay, and I estimated I could make better time by going to Copenhagen on the *Hans Egede*. Although every berth on the boat, when it arrived, was engaged, Inspector Dagaurd-Jensen secured quarters for me.

The First Cabled Story.

On board were a number of scientific men and three or four Danish correspondents. As the story of my quest had spread along the Greenland coast, and as conflicting reports might be sent out, Inspector Dagaurd-Jensen suggested that I cable a first account to the world.

The anxiety of the newspaper correspondents on board the ship gave me the idea that my story might have some considerable financial value. I was certainly in need of money. I had only forty or fifty dollars, and I needed clothing and money for my passage from Copenhagen to New York.

The suggestions and assistance of Inspector Dagaurd-Jensen were very helpful. Iceland and the Faroe Islands, frequent ports of call for the Danish steamers, because of a full passenger list and the absence of commercial needs were not visited by the *Hans Egede* on this return trip. The captain decided to put into Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, so that I could send my message.

I prepared a story of 2,000 words, and went ashore at Lerwick. No one but myself and a representative of the captain was allowed to land. We swore the cable operator to secrecy, sent several private messages, and one to James Gordon Bennett briefly telling of my discovery. As the operator refused to be responsible for the 2,000-word message, it was left with the Danish consul. To Mr. Bennett I cabled: "Message left in care of Danish consul, 2,000 words. For it $3,000 expected. If you want it, send for it."

Our little boat pulled back to the *Hans Egede*, and the ship continued on her journey to Copenhagen.

Two days passed. On board we all became friends and talked of my trip as quite a commonplace thing. I made some appointments for a short stay in Copenhagen.

First Notes of the Copenhagen Reception.

Off the Skaw, the northernmost point of Denmark, a Danish man-o'-war came alongside us. There was a congratulatory message from the Minister of State. This greatly surprised me.

Meanwhile, a motor-boat puffed over the unsteady sea and half a dozen seasick newspaper men, looking like wet cats, jumped over the rails. They had been permitted to board on the pretext that they had a message from the American Minister, Dr. Egan. I took them to my cabin and asked whether the *Herald* had printed my cable. One drew out a Danish paper in which I recognised the story. I talked with the newspaper men for five minutes, and my prevailing impression was that they did not know what they wanted. They told me Fleet Street had moved to Copenhagen. I confess all this seemed foolish at the time.

They told me that dinners and receptions awaited me at Copenhagen. That puzzled me, and when I thought of my clothes I became distressed. I wore a dirty, oily suit. I had only one set of clean linen and one cap. After consulting with the Inspector, we guessed at my size, and a telegram was written to a tailor at Copenhagen to have some clothing ready for me.

An Incomprehensible Fuss.

At Elsinore cables began to arrive, and thence onward I became a helpless leaf in a whirlwind of excitement. I let the people about plan and think for me and had a say in nothing. A cable from Mr. Bennett saying that he had never paid $3,000 so willingly gave me pleasure. There was relief in this, for my expenses at the hotel in Eggedesminde and on the *Hans Egede* were unpaid.

At Elsinore many people came aboard with whom I shook hands and muttered inanities in response to congratulations. Reporters who were not seasick thronged the ship, each one insisting on a special interview. Why should I be interviewed? It seemed silly that such a fuss was being made.

Cablegrams and letters piled in my cabin. With my usual methodical desire to read and answer all communications, I sat down to this task, which soon seemed hopeless. I was becoming intensely puzzled and a hopeless not-knowing-where-I-was sensation confused me. I did not have a minute for reflection, and before I could evolve any plan of action, or approximate my situation, we arrived at Copenhagen.

Like a bolt from the blue, there burst about me the clamour of Copenhagen's ovation. I was utterly bewildered by it. I found in my mind no reason for it. About the North Pole I had never felt such exultation. I could not bring myself to feel what all this indicated, that I claimed to have done any marvellous thing.

Wonderful Harbour Scene.

When I went on deck, as we approached the city, I saw, far in the distance, flags flying. Like a darting army of water-bugs, innumerable craft of all kinds were leaping toward us on the sunlit water. Tugs and motors, row-boats and sail-boats, soon surrounded and followed us. The flags of all nations dangled on the decorated craft. People shouted, it seemed, in every tongue. Wave after wave of cheering rolled over the water. Horns blew; there was the sound of music; guns exploded. All about, balancing on unsteady craft, their heads hooded in black, were the omnipresent moving picture machine operators at work. All this passed as a moving picture itself, I standing there, dazed, simply dazed.

Amid increasing cheering, the *Hans Egede* dropped anchor. Prince Christian, the Crown Prince, Prince Waldemar, King Frederick's brother, United States Minister Egan, and a lot of other men in good clothes, greeted me. That they were people who wore good clothes was my predominant impression. Mentally I compared their well-tailored garments with my dirty, soiled, bagged-at-the-knees suit. I doffed my old dirty cap, and as I shook hands with the Crown Prince and Prince Waldemar, tall splendid men, I felt very small in stature and very sheepish. While all this was going on I think I forgot about the North Pole. I was a most uncomfortable person.

(To be continued.)

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DR. MACAURA'S GREAT SUCCESS.

Mr. W. T. Stead Praises His Good Work.

SPLENDID CHANCE FOR DISTANT SUFFERERS.

Those able to visit the Institute should call instead of writing and discuss their case with Dr. Macaura, and test privately his "Pulsocon" Treatment Free of Cost.

Dr. Macaura has not only proved his ability to cure positively and permanently those who visit his Institute at Pembroke Hall (133 to 135, Oxford Street, W.) for treatment, and place themselves under his care until a cure is effected, but his new plan of treating distant sufferers by post is doubtless at once sound and commendable.

The immediate success and general approval which his new plan has attained is alone convincing of the efficacy of his postal diagnosis and treatment system.

Already hundreds of sufferers from various parts of the Kingdom have written Dr. Macaura for one of his "Pulsocons" and the specially prescribed treatment.

The doctor's new system of dealing with distant sufferers undoubtedly fills the only gap that remained in his highly commendable disease-fighting campaign, for as Dr. Macaura himself says:—"When I opened my campaign at

The Royal Albert Hall

about a year ago, I thought I had reached the pinnacle of my achievements in dealing with the diseases I treat, but my success attained at that time is being completely thrown into the shade by my special diagnosis and prescribed treatment system which I am now giving with every machine.

In the past, with every "Pulsocon" I gave a book of instructions in its use, and what happened was this:—

Thousands of distant sufferers secured my machine, and from my book of instructions commenced treating themselves.

Although such methods of treatment in the main have proved a wonderful success, still here is what actually happened in many cases:—

The patient, being unable to tell exactly what disease he was suffering from, applied the wrong treatment.

Some followed my instructions for treating Rheumatism, when they really suffered from Arthritis, and vice versa. Some followed my instructions for treating Gout, when in reality they suffered from Synovitis. Many used the machine either too heavily or too lightly, finding it difficult to understand the book of instructions.

A glaring difficulty seemed to exist in the fitting in of the proper portion of the instructions to a given case by the patient. Then, when they failed to secure results, decried my instrument.

Of course, the percentage of such cases were very small indeed, considering the number of machines sent to distant sufferers, but there it was—patients who were in reality easily dealt with, and yet not getting any relief from their suffering.

My new system, however, insures me against even a single failure providing my special prescribed instructions to each and every distant user of the Machine are followed.

It was my intention to stop supplying the "Pulsocon" to any except those who could come to me for personal examination and treatment, but when one realises the thousands of distant sufferers who still remain to be treated, and who are only too willing to help in battling with their disease, what else can one do but to set to work to devise a means of dealing with such cases?

Of course, it is impossible to write instructions which will apply to all cases automatically. Conditions vary to such an extent that it is almost impossible in many instances to secure good and immediate results, unless the patient's case is diagnosed and prescribed for accordingly.

My new method, however, completely overcomes this stumbling-block, and is the result of serious and careful consideration.

Cures must now follow as night follows day.

There is no barrier now to each and every sufferer securing good and immediate results, no matter how great the distance between myself and the patient.

Mind you! I do not claim that the postal-diagnosis and treatment are equal to personal examination and treatment here at my Institute, but the system now arranged for distant sufferers is proving itself such a huge success that I am myself astounded at the good results.

I have no hesitation in strongly recommending it to all those who suffer from Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Paralysis, Functional Troubles, Deafness, etc. I mean, of course in this case, those who live at too great a distance to see me here personally.

Free prescribed treatment for distant sufferers.

Here is my new plan for distant sufferers—a simple one:—

When a patient writes to me for my Book of Health, which I supply free of charge, I will forward him my Symptom Chart, with the book.

This Symptom Chart contains questions and blank-line spaces for answers, etc., by the applicant. It is so arranged that it enables me to tell at once what disease the patient is suffering from, and then, of course, I can prescribe my treatment accordingly.

So you see that now, the patient, instead of having to go through my book and try to fit a portion of my instructions to his case, all he has to do is to follow my prescription.

By this method, and following my prescribed treatment, good results must be immediately obtained, and the patient at once put on the road to recovery.

I want everyone possessing one of my "Pulsocons" to obtain the best possible results from it, yes! to cure themselves absolutely, and they *can* do this because my present diagnosis and prescription for treatment to each individual patient is so simple, so direct and so easily followed, that good results must follow as surely as night follows day.

It will, however, be necessary for the treatment to be varied from time to time as the patient progresses. The desired change of treatment is thereupon advised at the end of the first two weeks, when the patient makes a full report. In this manner the treatment is continued until a cure is effected.

Specially prescribed treatment free to first 5,000 applicants.

Of course, it will be impossible for me to continue to give these free prescribed treatments indefinitely. Therefore, I have decided to allow it only to the first 5,000 distant sufferers from to-day who write for my machine.

To meet the increased volume of correspondence occasioned by my new system of prescribed treatment by post, I have secured an additional number of secretaries that there shall be as little delay as possible in communicating with each applicant.

One thing must be made quite clear, and that is, that this privilege of free specially prescribed treatment does not apply to those sufferers who have already purchased one of my "Pulsocons" at the reduced charge. No; it only applies to those who desire to secure a machine now at the full price.

To those who possess a machine and require the prescribed treatment an extra charge must be made, particulars of which can be obtained by addressing me personally, when a symptom and diagnosis chart will be forwarded."

Free private test at Dr. Macaura's Institute.

Should you be suffering from any of the diseases Dr. Macaura treats—viz., Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Paralysis, Deafness, and Functional Troubles, you may call upon him and discuss your ailment, and receive a free consultation on your case.

You will receive a private test free of charge if your case is accepted, and this will prove to you at once how great is the healing power of the "Pulsocon." You will then be in a position to make arrangements for treatment, and get rid of your pains and suffering. Bear in mind that this personal test at Dr. Macaura's Institute, Pembroke Hall, is entirely free of cost now. It is given just to show you how quickly the Pulsocon brings about results. There is no obligation whatever on your part to spend any money or make any arrangements unless you desire to do so.

Many find it difficult to realise that they are at liberty to walk in and out of such a well-appointed Institution as Dr. Macaura's without being obliged to pay something for attention; but, remember, the sale of one Pulsocon or the treatment of one patient is as but a drop in the ocean, so vast is the amount of treatment given and the extraordinarily large number of machines supplied daily.

The hours for consultation and free private test treatment of the machine are from 10 to 6; Saturdays from 10 to 2. Pembroke Hall is at 133 to 135, Oxford-street, London, W, (corner of Wardour-street).

A very useful book written by Dr. Macaura

Dr. Macaura's book, written by himself, and in language which cannot be misunderstood. It contains information and advice of the greatest value to each and everyone, and it is free for the asking, simply enclosing two penny stamps for postage.

It tells all about the now famous instrument, and the various diseases and ailments it will cure, and at the same time explains in the most lucid and concise manner the action of the Pulsocon Treatment on the human system. ADVT.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Bardelys the Magnificent."

Lewis Waller is one of the very few really popular actors of to-day, and Henry Hamilton, the brilliant dramatist, who understands Waller's temperament for acting romantic drama better than any man living, has supplied him with a delightfully picturesque and lovable character in "Bardelys the Magnificent," which is heartily welcomed by his faithful friends and admirers at the Globe Theatre.

"Bardelys the Magnificent" is a comedy teeming with excitement, and rich with the colour of ardent imagination. There are moments, indeed, when Harry Hamilton's fire-laden prose fringes the lines of blank verse, and sways you with its tender inspiration. And this is where Waller seizes his chances, for rarely do you hear an author's love protestations spoken with more faithful earnestness than by this vigorous actor, when he declares his devotion for his sweetly pretty "milk-white maid," Miss Madge Titheradge.

Miss Lottie Venne gives a performance—all manner, persuasion, style and liveliness—that makes your sides ache with laughter, and William Haviland, an actor of much experience, plays the part of the transparent villain, with a quiet relentless treachery which makes you long to get up and give the wretch a piece of your mind.

"The Prisoner of Zenda."

This adaptation, by the late Edward Rose, of Anthony Hope's novel, has ever been more or less of a mystery to me, and I cannot for the life of me help recalling a certain scene which occurred when it was first produced at the St. James's Theatre by George Alexander. On account of the ceaseless babble which went on in the stalls, a favoured critic was always offered the privilege of a box, where he sat huddled up in a corner, never speaking to anyone who dared to enter the small compartment, or looking at anything but the stage. Edward Rose, on this occasion, was wandering aimlessly about the house, and why he made a bee-line for the—at these times horribly surly—critic I don't know—but he did, and this is what happened. The critic's companion was trying hard to keep the peace, when—without even so much as a "how d'you do"—he swerved round on his chair and muttered, "I say Rose, will you kindly tell me what the h—— it's all about?" and Mr. Rose replied very meekly, "I don't know, I'm just going round to the back to see"!

I felt very much like this when the curtain fell on the last scene at the Lyceum Theatre the other evening, for I didn't know whether the King of Ruritania was dead; what is supposed to become of his double, Rudolf Rassendyll; which man the Princess Flavia is going to marry—if either—or why the whole lot of them do the extraordinary things they do. Talk about fancy running riot, why "The Prisoner of Zenda" is about as mystifying and involved as the maze at Hampton Court.

However, "The Prisoner of Zenda" proves conclusively that George Alexander must be a thoroughly sound actor to have carried the play to the success he did. Mr. Henry Ainley is so self-conscious that it is not possible to take him seriously, and it is a pity, for with careful "editing" Mr. Ainley might become a capable actor. Miss Rosalie Toller is girlish, and if she lacks the airs of a Princess, at any rate there is a simplicity and a charm about her infinitely attractive.

"Peggy" at the Gaiety Theatre.

As bright as sunshine and as refreshing as the scent of May! What more can anyone want, or say about the exquisite delights of "Peggy" at the Gaiety? Miss Phyllis Dare, both as a dancer and a singer, is all that is charming, "Teddy" Payne and George Grossmith, Junr., two huge screams, and, as for the music by the ever-tuneful Leslie Stuart and the wonderful dresses, including the Harem skirts, my! if "Peggy" does not induce all London to drop in and "get acquainted" with her, then I shall be surprised indeed. The delicious song sung by Miss Dare, with the melodious violin obbligato, is perfectly enchanting, I could have listened to it over and over again. It is certain to become as popular as did the "Merry Widow" waltz.

OUR LATEST POSTER.

By T. W. G.

A mere "scare poster." Such was the observation passed by Brown, of Dulham, to his friend Smith, of Balwich. The two cronies had gazed for a few minutes at the famous "John Bull's Warning" poster, and during their walk towards the Embankment the usual friendly argument was indulged in.

"I tell you," remarked Smith, "although Elizabeth's preparations were sadly deficient and slowly and sparingly made, yet she was better able to meet the 'galleons' and 'galleasses' of Philip than we are to protect the shores of Albion against a foreign foe."

"What about our new *Dreadnoughts?*" asked Brown. "All this talk about foreign invasion is purely party prattle."

* * * * *

Brown reached Dulham as twilight was beginning to die out, and, after a hearty meal, was soon fast asleep in his favourite armchair. "Who are you?" the sleeper asked, as a spectre of a courtier, attired in breeches and doublet, padded to an uncomfortable size, over which he wore a cloak of velvet, embroidered with gold and buttoned at the shoulder, appeared before him.

"The spirit of the departed Drake," answered the uninvited guest, "come to guide you to the England of 1588. Let us get out into the street, for it is already 4 o'clock."

"Surely something is amiss that so many people are astir at such an early hour in the morning," said Smith, who had already found his companion eager to give information.

"No," responded the spirit. "We Englishmen always rise at 4 a.m. at all times of the year, you know."

Smith didn't know. He shrugged his shoulders at the idea, and thought of his rush to catch the 8.45 train each morning.

If this news surprised him, the next information fairly made him stagger. In reply to one of his numerous questions, the spirit told Smith that every man was bound by law to keep arms in his house, according to the amount of his property. Men whose land was worth £15 a year were required to keep a hauberk, a helmet, a sword, a dagger, and a horse, whilst the possessor of even £2 worth of land kept a sword, bow and arrow, and a dagger.

"What are those young fellows doing?" was Smith's next query as they neared the village green.

"Going to enjoy an hour at the archery butts," was the quick reply.

"But surely mere boys are not expected to do any fighting?" Smith ventured to ask.

Once more the old man was destined to receive a shock, for he was one of the Puritan stamp. The spirit told him that shooting with bow and arrow was a favourite exercise and amusement. Every village had its pair of archery butts, and on *Sundays* and holidays all able-bodied males, *above the age of fifteen*, were required to appear in the fields with their own bows and arrows, to employ their leisure hours as valiant Englishmen ought to do in order to prepare themselves for active service as soldiers, if need arose.

"And those young men with swords, what of them?" Smith hoarsely whispered.

"They are of the upper classes, and so must exercise with sword and lance and obtain practice in the use of fire-arms," replied the spirit.

This was too much for poor old Smith, and with a loud yawn he awoke from his doze—and went to bed!

AN UGLY ALDERSHOT RUMOUR.

What is this we hear about the sudden death of a young soldier at Blackdown barracks, Aldershot? An inquest was held, at which a verdict of death from natural causes was returned. Upon the evidence before the coroner and jury, doubtless this finding was justified. May we, however, suggest that it would have been only proper to take the evidence of the whole of those present in the room in which the man died? It is suggested to us that he died of a broken back, the result of a severe "ragging."

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—Vide Press.

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(Member of Tattersall's)
and
THE BRITISH SPORTING PUBLIC.

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England's Premier Turf Accountant,

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A Deposit of £50,000 at My Bankers
to meet the requirements of this particular venture. My Business has increased to such dimensions that I have acquired a long lease of
New and More Commodious Premises at
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CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY, DAILY OR WEEKLY.
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No Deductions. Full Starting Price Odds paid on ALL Races. Odds on. Place Commissions even should the Favourite start "Odds On." Latest London Prices. Future Events. "The Sportsman's" Quotations Guaranteed. Inquiries treated Confidentially and Expeditiously. Monday or Daily Settlements. Instructions may be sent by Post, and Telegrams may be despatched from Racecourses up to the actual time of "OFF" as returned by "The Sportsman," irrespective of advertised time of Race.

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New and Only Address.
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The John Bull League.

THE PRESIDENT AT LEEDS.

After a postponement, caused through the illness of the President, the meeting in the Town Hall, which had been so eagerly anticipated by members and the public alike, took place on Friday, March 3rd. Needless to say, the accommodation provided by the Town Hall was quite inadequate, and quite as many as obtained admission were turned away. For an hour before the arrival of the President, the City Organist, Mr. H. A. Fricker, had entertained the vast audience with a delightful organ recital, every item of which was loudly applauded. Half-way through this Mr. Stewart Gardner, of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, sang the League song. At 8 o'clock the President appeared on the platform, and was received with great applause; on his taking the chair, Mr. Stewart Gardner sang the new League song, which instantly found favour. The President then commenced his address, in which he touched but lightly on the attitude of the League towards religious and social questions, and directed his attention almost exclusively to the political situation and the need for the introduction into the government of the country of business principles. The Local Chairman, Mr. W. B. Russell, who had taken a large part in the successful organisation of this great meeting, moved a vote of thanks to the President, which was carried with acclamation.

BRANCH REPORTS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—As was anticipated, the greatest possible interest was taken in the appearance at the Town Hall of ex-Lieut. Sutor on Thursday of last week. His court-martial at Tynemouth is still remembered in Newcastle, and the Town Hall, which holds between two and three thousand people, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The Local Chairman, Mr. S. S. Wherly, presided, and prior to the arrival of Mr. Sutor, Mr. A. Brown Thompson gave an admirable organ recital. Miss Margarete Strathern, a delightful mezzo-soprano, was most enthusiastically applauded for her songs, and Mr. Donaldson Spark made a great hit with the League song. Mr. Sutor, who commenced his address by expressing the hope that he would be more successful in convincing his hearers of the soundness of his views than he was the last occasion on which he made a speech in the district, met with a great reception. Mr. T. D. Challoner proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Sutor, which was carried with acclamation.

Birmingham.—The Small Heath branch held its first whist drive on Wednesday, March 1st, at Ridgway's Café, Deritend, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr. J. Parker Crees, the Local Secretary, who is evidently determined to leave no stone unturned to make the branch the most active and successful of those comprised in the Birmingham area. At an executive committee meeting, held at the district office, it was decided unanimously to take immediate steps to raise a huge petition for presentation to the City Council, urging the extension of the time of issue of the working men's tickets on the trams till 9 a.m. All the local secretaries of the various divisions in the district attended, and after a scheme of working had been outlined by Mr. C. L. Kay, the Central Secretary, the meeting was thrown open to a general discussion. It was resolved to adopt the lines suggested, and in the course of the next few days meetings in various parts of the district will be held on the subject. Members of the League willing to help in the organisation of these, or assist in any other way, are requested to communicate with the Local Secretaries of their districts, or to Mr. Kay, at the District Office, 2, Corn Exchange Passage, High Street, Birmingham.

Gateshead.—Will members kindly note that Mr. F. W. Johnson, of 3, Askew Road West, is now the Local Secretary, and is about to take steps, with the hearty co-operation of the Newcastle branch, to embark upon an active campaign?

Plymouth.—With a view to forming an active branch in Devonport, a grand concert will be held at the "Welcome," Fore Street, Devonport, on Wednesday, March 22nd. Members are particularly invited to bring their friends, and a limited number of tickets for reserved seats may be obtained from Mr. A. Matthews, of 1, Paradise Place, Stoke; Mr. E. G. Warm, of 104, Townshend Avenue, Keyham Barton; or the Secretary of the Plymouth Branch, Mr. A. E. Hutchings, of 20, Albert Road, Plymouth.

Liverpool.—This Branch held a highly successful whist drive on Thursday, March 2nd, about 250 members and friends being present. Miss Annie Hughes and Mr. Bert Rose were loudly applauded for their songs. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. G. S. Haines, the wife of the energetic local secretary, who will deliver an address on the objects of the League at a meeting and concert to be held on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., at the "Bear's Paw," Lord Street.

Sheffield.—Mr. C. H. Hinchcliffe, of 65, Effingham Street, Rotherham, has been appointed Local Secretary for that town, and members residing there are requested to get in touch with him, with a view to forming a local branch. Mr. T. J. Lalors has also been elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Sheffield branch.

(For Membership Coupon see page iii. of Cover.)

Look for this on the package, it saves life!

After illness

the terrible weakness was cured when the doctor prescribed SCOTT'S Emulsion. Mr. J. Moore, 304 New Earsham Street, Sheffield (April 11th, '10), writes that "the doctor recommended Scott's Emulsion, and the boy put on flesh rapidly, and is now as well as ever. Scott's Emulsion brought him from death's door to a bonny, healthy boy." Scott's did this when the lad was "a mere skeleton," after "very serious illness followed by enteric and pneumonia."

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the only emulsion that has a reputation in all parts of the world for curing disease. No other emulsion than Scott's has ever received the cordial approval of the medical and nursing professions the world over. Any emulsion bought instead of Scott's cannot give you the proof of cure which Scott's provides by world-wide testimony. This certainty of cure should be worth to you many times the price of Scott's Emulsion. Therefore, don't ask for "emulsion"—ask for SCOTT'S EMULSION, at all chemists.

Send for free sample bottle—enclose 3d for postage and mention this paper. SCOTT & BOWNE, LTD. 10-11 STONECUTTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY will have the best descriptive articles, the best personal stories, the best social sketches, the best fiction, the best humour, and above all will be copiously and effectively illustrated.

Possessing always a strong topical interest, it will thus have all the freshness of a daily paper combined with the finish of a magazine.

In brief, "Everybody's Weekly" will be the boldest effort that has yet been made to provide a weekly journal, approaching the sixpenny magazines in value, at the popular price of One Penny.

A momentous article by

H. G. WELLS

"Cement of Empire," will make the first issue memorable.

The New Journal for Men and Women Who Think

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation :—
Will the Reciprocity Bill be "passed" by America?
If speeches are limited, will the Speaker have a stop-watch?
Will refusing to attend the Coronation be "contempt of Court"?
Were Lloyd George's burglars trying to get their own back?
Won't Dr. Owen's search end in another cipher?
Will the new St. Paul's Bridge be a put-up job?
Is Standard Bread badly kneaded?
Is our telephone system not worth twopence?
Will the Army Air Battalion be called "mounted troops"?
Does Sir Joseph do his literary work in the Lyons' "den"?
Are we short of officers because the Army doesn't "keep" them?
How does Lloyd George like "candid Peel"?
Is it a case of "Lan'sdowne but pictures are up"?

Quicksilver, it is stated, is steadily going up. Everywhere but in the thermometer.

The trouser skirt is to be seen in the new Gaiety piece. Is this why it is called "Peggy"?

In search of proofs that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, an American is probing the River Wye. No doubt he will get something out of it.

"The Kaiser Out Again," says an *Express* headline. Surely no one has been "shutting him up"?

"Pork and beans," is Sir Hiram Maxim's recipe for good looks. A confirmed dyspeptic informs us that the two always go together.

"There can be no end to factory legislation," says Mr. Winston Churchill. Not if it be unsatisfactory legislation.

Caruso insists on being allowed to smoke on the stage. We always thought he was fond of a puff.

"The Right Sort" is the name of a sketch by Sydney Grundy. Has Mrs. Grundy approved it?

"Prison for 3d. a Week," reads a headline. Some folk have been sent there for nothing.

"Poets are being crushed out of existence by the brass band and the gramaphone," says W. B. Yeats. There is good in everything.

The average daily supply of water used by Londoners works out at over 31 gallons per head. Yet one is always meeting thirsty people.

"Trouser Skirt Doomed," says a morning payer. On its last legs, we presume.

The baby bantin recently born at the Zoo must not be confused with the Baby Buntin' of nursery lore.

The organist who has qualified as an aviator will still be troubled with the wind.

Parisian lap-dogs now have their visiting cards. Some London puppies enjoy the same privilege.

"The World Stood Still" is the title of a new serial. Where does the "action" take place?

A man charged at Kingston with intoxication was found fighting a hoarding. Perhaps he was struck by one of our posters.

The morning paper which speaks of March "rashions" instead of "fashions" is not so far out after all.

Soldiers are to be trained to drive taxi-cabs. They will still be serving the flag.

The cost of the South Wales coal strike is estimated at £1,000,000. The men will get "a poor return" for their money.

The dyeing industry, we are told, is not dying. The prospects are, in fact, a shade brighter.

"Age is like marriage" says Louise Mack. Yes, both provide experience.

The Little Sunday Club is not likely to appeal to clergymen; they say there is too little Sunday already.

In nineteen years the Post Office has lost £9,000,000 on telegrams. A wire-less system is what it wants.

The M.P. who suggested a time-limit for speeches evidently wants to see some members "ticked off."

Fifty of the Madrid police have been told off to protect wearers of the trouser skirt. All the "slaveys" will now wear it.

"Shall the Thames be Dammed?" asks a morning paper. In the Thames Valley, the Water Board already has been.

Books To Be Shelved :—
"Letters From Fleet Street." Declined with thanks.
"The Oak Staircase." Sure to go down.
"Lords of Industry." A lot of work in it.
"The Vow." We shall not keep it.
"Tales of the Uneasy." A scratch lot.
"The Limit." An appropriate title.
"The Wine-Drinker." Very tasty.
"A Bird in the Hand" A very catchy tale.

SORE THROAT.

How Famous Singers Cure and Prevent it.

Everyone is liable to catch sore throat, especially at this time of the year. But none are more exposed to this painful malady or suffer from it more severely than great singers like Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Alice Esty, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Mr. Ben Davies, &c.

When *they* publicly state therefore—as they have done—that they have found a remedy which cures and prevents sore throat, the rest of the world may safely follow their example in relying upon this remedy.

The name of this remedy is Wulfing's Formamint, the palatable, harmless tablet which kills, in the mouth and throat, the germs causing sore throat and other infectious diseases.

Read these letters from Madame Adelina Patti and Mr. Ben Davies, and then verify their testimony for yourself by sending to-day for a free sample of Formamint.

Madame Adelina Patti

writes: "I have taken Wulfing's Formamint tablets for some time past, and I have much pleasure in saying that I find them very beneficial for the throat."

Mr. Ben Davies

writes: "I have found Formamint excellent for the voice, and most soothing to the throat. It is also such a pleasant and effective disinfectant that I am never without a bottle."

Not only great singers, but hundreds of other celebrities have testified to the value of Formamint in curing and preventing sore throat. Amongst the most distinguished Formamint-users are the Leader of the Unionist Party, the Right Hon Arthur J Balfour, M.P., Lord Glantawe, Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., Mr. C. C. Hutchinson, K.C., and Lord Kingsale, who says: "I find Wulfing's Formamint tablets are all that you say they are, and I have recommended them to many friends."

Better than anyone's recommendation, however, is a personal trial of Formamint, which you are again invited to make. Use the coupon *now*, and when you buy Formamint insist on *Wulfing's*, for its great popularity has produced many worthless imitations. All chemists sell Formamint, price 1/11d. per bottle of 50 tablets.

FREE SAMPLE.

Messrs. A. Wulfing & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.

Please send me a sample of Formamint, gratis and post free.

Name .....

Address .....

F. 47. .....

Would you like to Own Westminster?

Absurd question, you think—impossible, and so forth. Well, it is impossible *now*, but had your forefathers been gifted with foresight, you might now have owned Westminster. That would have meant wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. The question—a rhetorical one—is merely an object lesson. There is yet good Freehold to be bought, on reasonable and attractive terms, Freehold which may correspond to the Westminster of the future. It is in the West of London, that district ever expanding and ever-increasing, both in extent and value. The illustration of Westminster is to show you the possibilities of Freehold. At one time it was a barren spot. Now it is worth untold gold. London was a long time in the making, but the ball having once started rolling down hill goes apace with accelerated velocity. IN OTHER WORDS, LONDON FREEHOLD IS GOING AHEAD LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE. You would not attempt to buy Westminster—it is too much of an undertaking, but you can still buy good Freehold at "ELTHORNE HEIGHTS," London's West End extension. Furthermore, you can buy it on such simple and attractive terms that to miss your opportunity is sheer folly and improvidence. If you once acquire Freehold you will appreciate the wisdom of the lines—

"Nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year."

For Freehold is for ever, and year by year is worth more money. It is solidity and stolidity combined. Do not confuse Freehold with leasehold. It is the difference between permanency and transience, between increase and decrease. The thermometer of Freehold is always rising; that of leasehold is always dropping—to freezing point and thence to total disappearance. The Freehold for *you* is at "ELTHORNE HEIGHTS."

"ELTHORNE HEIGHTS"—in brief—

You become possessed of a lot on payment of £5 down.

Balance at the rate of £1 per month.

No law expenses. Free conveyances.

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A strip of land for a strip of paper.

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CALL AND SEE US.

There are many more points in connection with "ELTHORNE HEIGHTS" which we are prepared to tell you. Do not be afraid to give us a call. We are here to tell you all you want to know, whether you want to buy or not. If you want facts and figures, we can give them to you. If you want to see "ELTHORNE HEIGHTS" we send you there at our expense from Paddington. It is our aim to take you into our confidence, and put you on the right path to become a London Freeholder without a strain on your income.

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London, March 11th, 1911

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Five Pounds Sterling

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of enquiries *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only those of general interest will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded. But will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose. All matter submitted must be original unless otherwise stated. The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).

The Editor cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china pictures, coins, books, etc.

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE is increasing steadily. In future, we will disregard any letter which is not duly authenticated with name and address, which may be given in strict confidence.

The Editor desires to express his thanks for the warm congratulations he is receiving from all parts of the country, in connection with his recent speech in the House of Commons, on the Parliament Bill.

G. C. R. (Tenby).—You should communicate with *Capt. Jay's* trustee.

"Coal" (Wolverhampton).—The *Right to Work Bill* does not in any way affect the Miners' Eight Hours Act.

Mr. John M'Lauchlan (Turf Accountant, Flushing) strongly controverts the statements made to us by "*P. McK.*" (*Paisley*), saying that he is quite unable to trace the receipt of the winning coupon, though he makes no aspersion upon our correspondent's *bona fides*, as he says that the postal authorities in Flushing occasionally put his letters into the boxes of other firms, and in this way they have been known to go astray.

Moorhouse, Ltd. (Wellington Mills, Padiham, Lancs.), refer to "*The Owl's*" complaint in our issue of January 7th. They say that his coat did not fit him because he sent the wrong measurements, and that they refunded money on return of the garment. Silly Owl!

H. S. (Wombwell) and Others point out that the *Johnson-Jefferies films* have been exhibited in these islands.

"A County Magistrate" (Wimborne) writes: "Instead of *revolvers for the police*, recommend a dog for them, and the cat for the criminal." A dog for Dogberry, in fact.

J. B. G. (Pontypridd) is dissatisfied both with *coal owners and miners' leaders* in Wales. He must take care not to fall between two stools.

S. D. (Fernie, B.C., Canada) says notices are posted up in Cardiff stating that there is a big demand for miners at *Crow's Nest Pass*, but that those who go out cannot get jobs. Now is Jim's opportunity.

"One of the Porters" objects to the competition of *messengers and signal lads* who waited on passengers at Waterloo Station.

"A Lodger" (Bruce House, Kemble Street, Drury Lane) says the *food* has improved there since we criticised it. Great is the power of the press!

"One Who Knows" (Ebury Street) writes: "*Bullers* often see and hear things which they keep secret for their own sake, much as they dislike the goings-on in so-called Society these days." How deliciously smug.

F. C. (East Croydon) thinks *station-masters* should not have a share in the staff Christmas-boxes. Why not?

"Done" (Peterborough) also complains of Swyers (119, New Bond Street, W.)—who also trades as The Commercial Advance Company—the notorious *fee-snatching moneylender*, whom we recently exposed. In this case he snatched £4 2s. 5d.

W. A. (Stony Stratford) says *ants* can be destroyed with boiling water in the garden, or with turpentine and damp cloths indoors. But why so great an antipathy?

F. L. (Leyton) writes about sharp practice at *small auction rooms*. We thought everybody knew about that.

Mr. E. J. Pitch (Cardiff) writes us denying *Mrs. Draper's allegations* and giving explanations which would certainly go to show that his connection with the "Football Chat" competitions has been quite straightforward.

"A Reader" (Ottawa)—his initials we suppress—tells terrible tales of people being *lured out to Canada* by mendacious promises of non-existent jobs. He thinks immigration agents ought to be lynched.

H. V. S. (Battersea) says the *sculptor* who gave his life for his statue was called Briants, and that the statue is now in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. But one of its arms was frozen off!

A. L. (Regent's Park) wants to know who were the candidates rejected by the *Royal College of Organists*, and who prepared them for examination.

X. Y. Z. (Leeds).—We fear it would require more than three Bishops to keep *Don Alfonso* out of milliners' shops during Coronation week.

C. D. (East Ham).—We have had several other complaints about *G. H. Howell and Co.* (Clapton) who appoint agents for the sale of Christmas Cards.

W. R. H. (Newquay) and others enquire whether the *Civil Service College at Edinburgh* is a good genuine correspondence school. The fee for a course is £7.

S. C. (Glasgow) says *C. Haynes and Co.* (9, India Street, Glasgow) are practising the portrait enlargement trick.

J. E. L. (London, N.E.) enquires about *Collins and Collins'* Employment Agency (42, Essex Street, Strand).

A. T. B. (Newport, Mon.) sent a photograph and 3s. 10d. to *Claude Spratt*, "Trade Artist and Photographer," Bournemouth, but had received no enlargement after the lapse of two months.

A. J. B. (Westbourne Grove) asks if "it is usual for a constable to remove to the mortuary a man found apparently dead in bed, without a doctor's opinion that he was dead and no attempt made to revive him, inquest held but no post-mortem, *witnesses kept out of court* who would have contradicted evidence given." So unusual that we are doubtful whether the incident ever occurred. Anyhow, we could not take the matter up while names and addresses are withheld from us.

(*Continued on page* 398.)

An Experienced Chemist

Neuralgia, Brain-Fag, Depression—

It's *nowing* that counts, and his *actual experience* as a pharmaceutical chemist has made Mr. Gladstone quite certain there is 'no remedy which approaches Phosferine as a general strengthening tonic.' Mr. Gladstone declares he *knows* Phosferine invariably *gives the greatest satisfaction* restoring the nervous system in cases of neuralgia, brain fag, depression, &c. Day after day, for years, Mr. Gladstone has witnessed the most remarkable energising effects of Phosferine, accompanied by such a tremendous increase in the demand for the tonic, that he is convinced Phosferine alone most completely satisfies the needs of the nervous system.

Always Cured—Proofs Given

Mr. A. Gladstone, M.P.S., Chemist and Druggist, 83, Newport Road, Middlesbrough, writes:—"I have sold your excellent remedy Phosferine for a number of years, but it occurred to me that a line or two relative to it would not be unwelcome. Phosferine has the *largest sale* with me of any proprietary medicines, and unlike many other advertised preparations, invariably *gives the greatest satisfaction*. Numerous cases have come under my notice where its power in dispelling neuralgia, brain-fag, depression, and restoring the nervous and muscular system has been most manifest. There is not to my knowledge any remedy on the market that approaches Phosferine as a general strengthening tonic, and I have recommended it to several of my customers, with most pleasing results. These cases, in fact, have fully carried out and confirmed my own confidence in your valuable product, and it is a matter of much pleasure to me to handle a preparation of such exceptional merit.'—Nov. 3, 1910.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Premature Decay	Anæmia
Rheumatism	Maternity Weakness	Malaria
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Sleeplessness
Indigestion	Sciatica	Nervousness

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

THE ROYAL TONIC.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family	H.M. the King of Greece
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia	H.M. The King of Spain
H.M. the Queen of Roumania	The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty throughout the World

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR FOR ALL.

Crystolis Quickly Removes Dandruff, Stops Falling Hair and Itching Scalp, Prevents Baldness. Changes Grey or Faded Hair to Its Natural Colour, Heals Sore Scalps, Grows New Hair and Makes Brittle Hair Soft and Luxuriant.

We do not ask you to take our word for it. Cut out the Free Coupon below and we will send you Proof.

Don't Comb Out Your Last Strand of Hair Before Using Crystolis.

This is a generous offer to every man and woman who is a reader of JOHN BULL. We positively guarantee to promote a new growth of hair that will be delightful to behold and give you permanent relief from all hair troubles or no pay. Think this over—think what it means—at our own risk we make you the most liberal offer that we know—if we fail it costs you nothing. We particularly wish to hear from those who know the humiliation and embarrassment that are caused by falling hair, dandruff, scurf, and so forth. People are largely influenced by appearance, and they imagine all sorts of things about those who are bald or who are losing their hair, and certainly nothing is more disgusting than to see a man's collar or a woman's blouse covered with dead hair and scurf. It does not matter from what cause you are losing your hair, whether you are already bald or how many other treatments you have tried in vain. Crystolis, the finest hair preparation that you have ever used, will grow new hair and overcome all unnatural conditions of the scalp and hair, and we can prove it. It is a home treatment that is delightful and pleasant to use, and, best of all, it does the work and does it quickly. Many of those who have used Crystolis report most astonishing results.

Mr. A. H. D., of Brighton, says that he started a new growth of hair within seven days after beginning the use of "Crystolis." Dr. B. S. W., of Greenwich, S.E., writes that it stopped his hair from coming off within ten days after the first application. Miss Florence Moore, the popular American actress, now playing in London, says: "The change it has made in my hair seems almost miraculous; it is over 10in. longer than it was before I began the treatment, and it looks so pretty when it is dressed that my friends are continually complimenting me on the beauty of my hair."

Mr. M. Orben, of London, E.C., writes: "When I began the 'Crystolis' treatment I was nearly bald, but in the six weeks that I have been using it I have obtained a new growth of nice black hair about 11in. long. I had commenced to think that there was nothing that would really grow hair, and it seems to me like a work of magic, as I look at least five years younger now that I have a new growth of hair."

Many people write. "It sounds too good to be true." But surely the test will tell. Arrangements have been made with the Laboratories where Crystolis is distributed from to furnish free information in regard to this new process to all readers. Merely cut out and send in the coupon below, and you will receive free particulars of their marvellous product by return of post.

Baldness, Dandruff, Itching Scalp, etc.

FREE CRYSTOLIS COUPON.

Cut out this Coupon to-day, and send to Creslo Laboratories, 6, Bouverie Street, Dept. 281, London, E.C., for free information regarding Crystolis, the new discovery for growing hair. Good for 7 days to all readers.

TOILET COUPON No. 281.

THE

CITY of LONDON DENTAL INSTITUTE,

34, Finsbury Pavement.

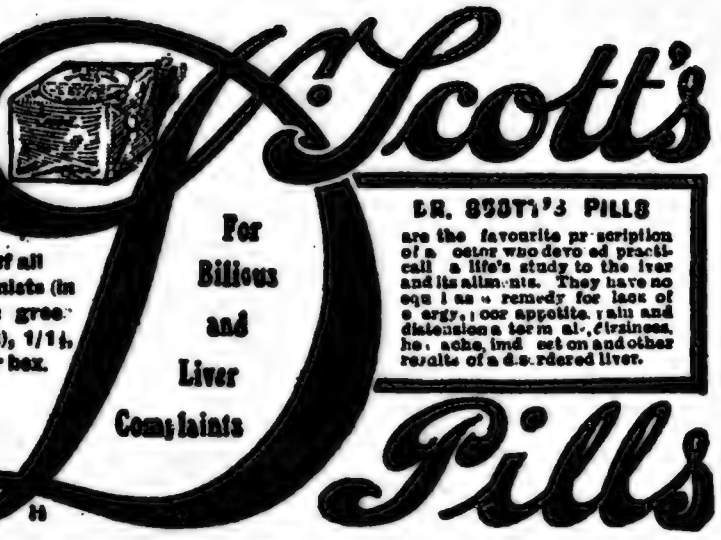
(Opposite Moorgate Tube Station.)

Was established in 1888 to supply high class artificial teeth, and for the preservation of the natural ones at reasonable fees.

It is in no sense a Charity.

The charge for extractions with gas is 2/6, no appointment necessary, only qualified dental operators, and under qualified management.

For particulars address Secretary as above.


Scott's
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
are the favourite prescription of a doctor who devoted practically a life's study to the liver and its ailments. They have no equal as a remedy for lack of energy, poor appetite, pain and distension, a term also, dizziness, headache, indigestion and other results of a disordered liver.
For Bilious and Liver Complaints
of all Chemists (in square green packet), 1/1½, 2/9 per box.
Pills

For all Kinds of Razor Blades. The effect of this unique preparation upon a Razor after but a few strokes is extraordinary. No sharpener in the world will give your Razor the perfected edge which results from a KEMO Strop.

KEMO Strops. Price 2/9 and 4/3. Kemo Strop for Safety Razor Blades, 2/- post free. Kemo Sharpener for self treatment of Strops is easily applied, and will convert a useless Strop into a perfect edge-producer. Price 6d., from all Cutlers, Stores, &c., or post free on receipt of seven stamps.

THE

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA

INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL £421,408

Life. Fire. Accident.

Motor. Burglary. Plate Glass, etc.

'THE BUSINESS WOMAN'S' INVESTMENT POLICY.

No Medical Examination required. Prospectus sent on request.

AGENCY APPLICATIONS INVITED.

HEAD OFFICE:

45-49, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

BEDSTEADS!

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood of every description. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, &c. Furniture - Bedrooms and General. *All goods sent direct from factory to home, saving middle profits.* Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price Lists (post free). I allow discount for cash, or supply goods payable in monthly instalments, or in any way that will suit you. Established 22 years. **CHARLES RILEY, (Desk B), MOOR St., BIRMINGHAM.**

Please mention JOHN BULL when writing for lists.

"Corporal" (Scots Guards).—Why worry because a youth at the *Godalming Debating Society* says a man who is once a soldier is ever afterwards a fool? You might know he is too young to be able to count all the exceptions.

H. J. W. (Brentford).—You should not have parted with your money to the *Uniphoto Co., 343, Queen's Road, New Cross, London, S.E.*, until they had delivered the photos. Write again, and if they ignore your letter, let us know.

W. B. K. (Belfast)—Our opinion of the *mixed marriage case* is that nobody will know anything about it until it gets into a court of law. Stamp confiscated.

F. S. (New Malden).—The "remarkable similarity" between some *waltzes* and others is like the remarkable similarity between some noses and others—there is no difference to speak of.

J. S. B. (Dormansland).—We knew somebody would write asking us to elucidate the *seven smells of Baghdad*. Well, we daren't name them.

"Ill-Fed" agrees with "A Constant Reader" that the food supplied to *staffs in large London hotels* is abominable. Rather a tragedy that the best place for hotel servants to get their food is somewhere else.

"Experience in the Line."—We are well aware that the hours worked by printers are short in comparison with those of *girls employed in confectioners' shops*—7.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day, and on Saturdays until 11 p.m. or even 12 p.m. It ought not to be.

B. J. (Swansea) complains that he cannot get a settlement of moneys due to him from *James Wilton, Football and Turf Accountant, Middelburg, Holland*. Any others similarly troubled?

E. E. B. (Leicester) says that application for *Old Age Pensions* has been made on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Granger, Oddby, near Leicester, both 84 years old, and that nothing has resulted. Personally see the pension officer again. There should be no unreasonable delay.

"Mystic" (Armley) states that *Houdini, the Handcuff King*, was recently fastened by padlocks in a can filled with beer and that he nevertheless emerged sober. A man who can't stand temptation can stand nothing.

"Jerseyman."—Thanks for newspaper from Jersey, which illustrates "the site of the *New Lavatory* at Havre-des-Pas." Perhaps a worse sight was the old one.

M. D. (Fulham) sends this from the "Evening News": —"2 Bulldog B, with pedigree, 2 and 3 years old, sale cheap; also a *sausage machine*; only used 5 months, to be sold." His suggestion is all very well; but if the sausage machine gets the bull-dogs, to whom shall we forward the biscuit?

G. W. (Hull).—We observe that your relations with the *Albion Art Co.* have also been unsatisfactory. Other readers will probably note. The frame trick is as old as the hills—about.

S. & H. (Tottenham).—Mrs. Lesmoir Gordon's statement in her advertisement in the *Agricultural Hall Dog Show catalogue* is noted: "An ill mannered dog is a source of trouble and anxiety, and is only fit to keep company with the cook." Seems like a libel on the policeman.

"Market Harborough."—Consider yourself severely tickled for sending us poster announcing "*Dress Optional*" at the dance of the M.H. Bowling Club.

W. C. (Leeds).—It is hereby noted that the "Yorkshire Evening Post" reported the prosecutor in a *case of purse stealing* by a woman as saying that "she kept alongside him for fifty or sixty years." Some women could get the whole of a man's bank balance in a quarter the time.

B. T. (Clacton).—What is the matter with the "East Anglian Times'" description of the "Maori's" first turn-out as a "*Successful Trial*"? All the vessel did was to wash off the mate of a passing barge, drown him, and orphan his family. You forget the "Maori" is a *destroyer*.

J. H. (Paris).—Life is full of amazement; but as to the evidence of *Policeman Silvester* before the Barnet magistrates that he stopped a van containing a stolen safe and that "while he was looking in the van the horse bolted with witness inside it," we hae our doots. Jonah and the Large Fish strikes us as a better story.

R. M. (Margate).—It is *a coincidence* that at the Margate Football Club's Whist Drive, as well as at the Market Harborough dance, dress should be announced as optional. Where were the police?

S. A. M. (Bolton).—We have received a visit from the officials of the *Homes for Destitute Children, Twickenham Park*, and have sent an investigator to inspect the institution. We are now satisfied that it is a *bona fide* charity, doing good work, and that the reason the secretary refused us a balance sheet was merely because he had a needless fear that we should publish *in extenso* the names of subscribers, and thus bring upon their heads a shoal of begging letters.

D. F. T. (South Wanstead).—Watch guarantees are rarely useful, but you say *Saqui and Lawrence* said they would maintain the timepiece in good going order for three years "unless broken or unfairly used or entrusted to any other watchmaker for repairs." That would not entitle them to charge 5s. 6d. because it wants cleaning at the end of two years, unless you had unfairly treated it by negligently allowing it to become dirty.

"Dick Turpin" (Blackburn) complains of *Jeffrey Myers and Co.*, Tailors, Kensington Chambers, Simmons Street, Blackburn, who work a kind of snowball system. They distribute coupons entitling you to a 50s. suit for 5s. He says that when you are measured and have paid 5s., you receive a book of 10 coupons and are told that you need not give these away unless you like. But later on you hear that you cannot have the suit unless all the 10 coupons are presented and paid for. This sounds like an old trick, but we should like to see one of the coupons before pronouncing definitely.

W. J. W. (Ringmer) kindly sends us a *remedy for whooping cough*. All you have to do is to cut off some of the patient's hair, make it into a sandwich with bread and butter, and give it to a dog. "The patient recovers immediately." Yes, but what happens to the dog?

[*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*]

Open Letter to J. Jones, Esq.

Dear Jones,

Men with small incomes can't afford big tailor's bills: yet you must wear good clothes. It is a case for the Business Tailors—Boyd's.

Smith is always well-dressed, yet his clothes cost less than half what you pay. He is a customer of the Business Tailors—Boyd's.

Boyd's are manufacturers as well as tailors; that accounts for them being able to make for 32/6 a suit you'd think cheap at 45/-.

As a matter of business, write for Boyd's free patterns. Every garment Boyd's make is supplied under a guarantee of satisfaction, or—money back! That's business, isn't it?

Yours truly,

BOYD BROS.

The Business Tailors, B. Dept,,
151, Strand, London, W.C.
(Next Somerset House).

COOL

TO THE MODERATE SMOKER

A cool tobacco is a shee necessity. His tongue is sensitive, his palate easily dulled, and one hot pipe will spoil h s day's smoking. It is he—perhaps *you*—who needs Bond of Union.

Medium .....5d. an oz.
Mild .....5½d. „
Pipe Charges, 5½d. per packet.

Cope's Bond of Union

Never bites the tongue.

Triumph CYCLES and MOTOR CYCLES

are made under ideal manufacturing conditions by skilled workmen only, no female or cheap labour employed.
Cycles from £6 17 6 to £12 or by easy monthly payments.
Motor Cycles from £48 15 0
Catalogues post free.
Triumph Cycle Co. Ltd., (Dept. S.) Coventry.
A cats Everywhere. 4

The Sphere Suspender

The smartest and most comfortable suspender in the world, prices 1- to 2/6. No. G10 is a rich silk—plain colour centre with white edge—a handsome suspender, price 2/6. Send P.O. and 1d. postage for sample pair to
Messrs. Thomas Wings, 44, Piccadilly, London, W.

HAVE YOUR DOORS FITTED WITH THE

MAGIC DOOR OPENERS

WHICH OPENS THEM WHEN YOUR HANDS ARE FULL.

COST ONLY 7/6.
SAVES POUNDS A MONTH.
LAST A LIFETIME.

All Ironmongers and Furnishers sell them. . . Particulars:—
DOMESTIC APPLIANCES Ltd.
CHELTENHAM.

LIQUOR HABIT
CURED IN 3 DAYS.

I DRANK HEAVILY for Years, but was Cured in Three Days.

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form' regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE BOOK' "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave." It reveals something important, explains how you can quickly cure a drinker. I **drank beer at first,** then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. For long periods I drank over a quart of whisky, rum, or gin daily, and some mixed drinks and beer additionally. I damaged business, health, and social opportunities, made my family miserable, and lost real friends. **For 16 years I kept it up,** and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. I went from bad to worse. But now I have a joyful message for drinkers and their

MOTHERS, WIVES, SISTERS.

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly **found a true cure.** It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. **My health was quickly restored.** I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire to drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee, and other non-alcoholic liquids, the **craving for liquor ceased,** I could sleep perfectly, and I recovered from ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL CURE FOR DRINK HABIT.

My cure took three days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I should still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has **no will power while drinking.** I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvellous. During eight years **I have supplied the treatment to many thousands of men and women who were addicted to drink,** the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of those who have been saved through this quick and permanent cure the public would be astonished.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

I tell you about the secret in my book FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to **cure the drunkard.** I rejoice in every cure, each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for either **steady or periodical drinkers.** Think of it, **a complete and permanent home cure,** between Friday night and Monday night, or any other **72 hours!** I also supply a reliable treatment which cures drinkers without their knowledge. **It is the genuine secret method.**

I will send you my book in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery, and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. With the book I will send a **legion of testimonials including medical endorsements,** with names and addresses to prove what I say.

EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, Norfolk St., (306 G) Strand, W.C.

I CURED MY RUPTURE
I Will Show You How To Cure Yours, FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I proved them wrong, and cured myself quickly by a simple means. I will send a Test free by post to any ruptured person who writes for it at once.

It can cure you, as hundreds have quickly cured themselves—in this simple way.

Fill out the coupon below and post to me to-day.

(FREE.) RUPTURE-CURE COUPON.

Capt. W. A. Collings & Sons, 32 & 34, Theobald's Road, (Box 111 D) London, W.C.

Dear Sirs:—Please send me free of all cost your Simple means for the quick Cure of my Rupture.

Name .....

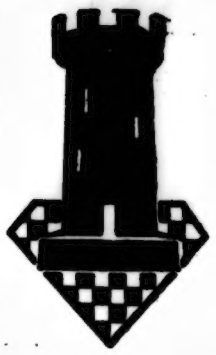
Address .....

WINTER COUGH

is the commencement, and if neglected often leads by insidious stages to the dread disease, CONSUMPTION. SARTOLIN ANTISEPTIC Treatment by Atmospheric inhalation is the latest Scientific triumph, and quickly renders the lung tissues impervious to the Tubercle Bacilli. A week's stay at Davos Platz condensed into half-an-hour's treatment by the SARTOLIN method at home. Write to day for explanatory Book, which will be sent gratis and post free. Address Room 7D, The Sartolin Company, 20, High Holborn, London.

TECLA ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

30, Old Bond Street, London,
10, Rue de la Paix, Paris,
16, Avenue Massena, Nice,
398, Fifth Avenue, New York.



Castle Collars

Faced with genuine Irish Linen of our own manufacture, Castle Collars do not crack or split; neither do they turn yellow in washing, but retain their whiteness to the end. Collars, in all single shapes, six for 2/6,

Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, each 5/11.
Shirts refitted from per half dozen 14/-.

Illustrated List post free.

founded on good materials.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
44, E, Donegall Place,
LONDON. **BELFAST.** LIVERPOOL.

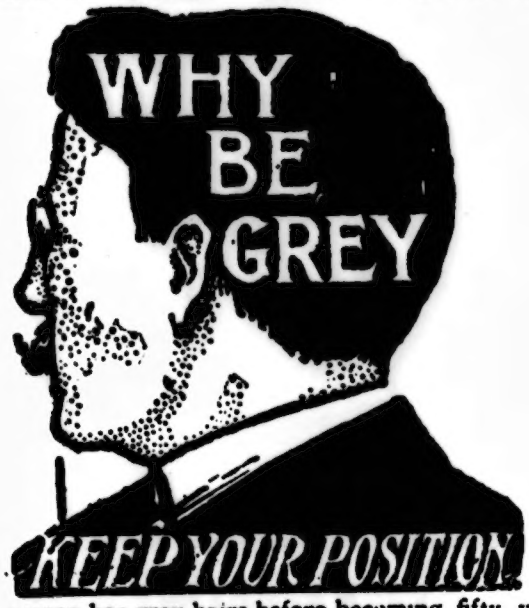
Keep your Boys at Home.

George Gray's highest breaks, including the World's record break, have been made on RILEY'S Standard Tables.

The RILEY'S Miniature Table is built in exact proportion to the full size, and the game requires equal skill to play. Whatever size your room there is a RILEY'S Table to fit. RILEY'S Billiard Tables to place on your own dining table cost from **£3 7s. 6d.** upwards. The 6ft. 4in. size, **£6 6s.**, is suitable for most rooms. RILEY'S Combined Billiard and Dining Tables are easily converted, and most convenient from **£13 10s.** Cash or Easy Payments. These prices include all accessories. Carriage paid to nearest railway station. *FREE* on receipt of postcard full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Crown Billiard Works, Accrington.
London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

5,000 BOTTLES GRATIS!
Darken Your Hair Naturally.



When a person has grey hairs before becoming fifty years old, everybody thinks this is a sign of mental decay, which is a great mistake, and very unjust to those who are afflicted. The reason is due to a slight disorder of the pigmentary glands of the scalp, sometimes caused by a shock or nervousness, and more often due to neglect of the hair.

But every person whose hair is turning, or who is already grey, may now rejoice, for there has been discovered a perfect remedy. It is not one of those cheap and nasty dyes or stains, but is a preparation which feeds and invigorates the pigmentary glands, causing renewed life and a return of the natural colour. It is perfectly harmless. Its use cannot be detected, and the hair gradually darkens until it reaches the shade of the days of youth. It is equally good for men and women, and if any reader of this paper would like to try a bottle, I will hand same to him or her free, with my compliments, at my office, or will send, in plain sealed wrapper, if two penny stamps are enclosed for posting.—Prof. Paul Lind (Dept. 114J), 489A, Oxford-street, London, W.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

A Desirable Plan.

In Ireland, at nearly all meetings, horses are conveyed by rail to the course free, or at a very much reduced rate, and this ought to be the case elsewhere. After all, it is merely a little "sprat" thrown out, and nowhere is it better exemplified than at Folkestone, where the proffered saving of a few shillings gains a big list of nominations, although many of the horses cannot compete and not are intended to. Their entrance fees, however, very much more than pay what the executive are debited with for railway fares.

Trainers' Talks.

During the past season or two I have bought many horses at public auction for various people, and sent them into the hands of different trainers, and, as usual, there has hardly been a single case in which the new trainer has not very soon spoken of the enormous improvement apparent in the horses, and particularly alleged that they were quite "rails" when this new stable first sheltered them. It is ever thus—no matter what horse is taken out of one stable into another, the new trainer, without exception, either suggests that the animal has been starved, run off his legs, is a bag of bones, or cynically adds that he can't think what the former people had been doing with him, or "what they fed him on."

Prophetic.

These notes will meet the public eye just in time to enable a little gamble upon

Glenside,

who is literally "walking over" for the National Hunt Handicap, if anything that must jump 3¼ miles of stiff country can be called "a pinch." Yet we run these risks every day in Selling Steeplechases, with rank bad horses, so why not now? And, further, the Sandown running also suggests that Viz will be first instead of second in the Cheltenham Steeplechase, and if Black Plum is in opposition it will make a market.

At Kempton I can thoroughly believe in Forerunner II. gaining the Rendlesham Handicap, whilst Judas could, if saddled, pick up the Trial Steeplechase. The "best thing" of the week end, however, is

Shady Girl

in the Spring Handicap, and, at last, the unlucky little mare should be number one.

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The following claims have been received for the issues of January 21st and 28th:—

A. F. DAWSON, 75, Tennyson Road, Stratford, E. No. 635,392. January 21st.

ALBERT VANE, 47, Bethell Avenue, Canning Town, E. No. 360,473. January 28th.

D. WRIGHT, 16, Birchfield Terrace, Woodman Yard, High Street, Watford, Herts. No. 52,675. January 28th.

L. BADDER, 6, Helena Terrace, Cockton Hill, Bishop Auckland, Durham. No. 548,422. January 28th.

A. D. GUTHRIE, 121, City Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. No. 497,274. January 28th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our Issue of February 11th:—

7047	160758	256852	417402	555624
23904	172931	268618	425991	563024
49498	177586	278749	456623	574195
62121	185484	312280	460262	581949
71445	206371	332236	466259	583861
75371	213032	355032	477090	585632
97381	230043	363744	485438	588440
125288	234493	374434	533710	608970
154852	235146	391426	534650	617181
158045	245782	406591	535642	618899

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